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JUNE 1925

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THE AMERICAN GIRL

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A magazine for Girl Scouts and Girls who love Girl Scouting

HELEN FERRIS, *Editor* ALICE WALLER, *Business Manager*

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Celebrate the Glorious Fourth
By reading our July issue

The Saracen Girl

By KATHERINE D. CATHER

Mansulius, the Libian chief, was resting in his tent. His eyes wandered dreamily across the silken curtains and he thought of his daughter, the lovely Carcas and Ahmed May, the mighty chief.

"It is the loveliness of Carcas that brings him this way," he thought.

But little did he dream of the adventures awaiting Carcas in a strange, far-away land.

"And a Dark Lady"

The moment the dark-haired stranger appeared, Janet Page had a premonition of danger. Who was she? Was she really who she said she was? And did she break up the fun of "the crowd"? Christine Whiting Parmenter is famous for her entrancing tales.

Make a Camp Memory Book

Keep your pictures and souvenirs in a book you will always prize. Our July issue will tell you how to make one.

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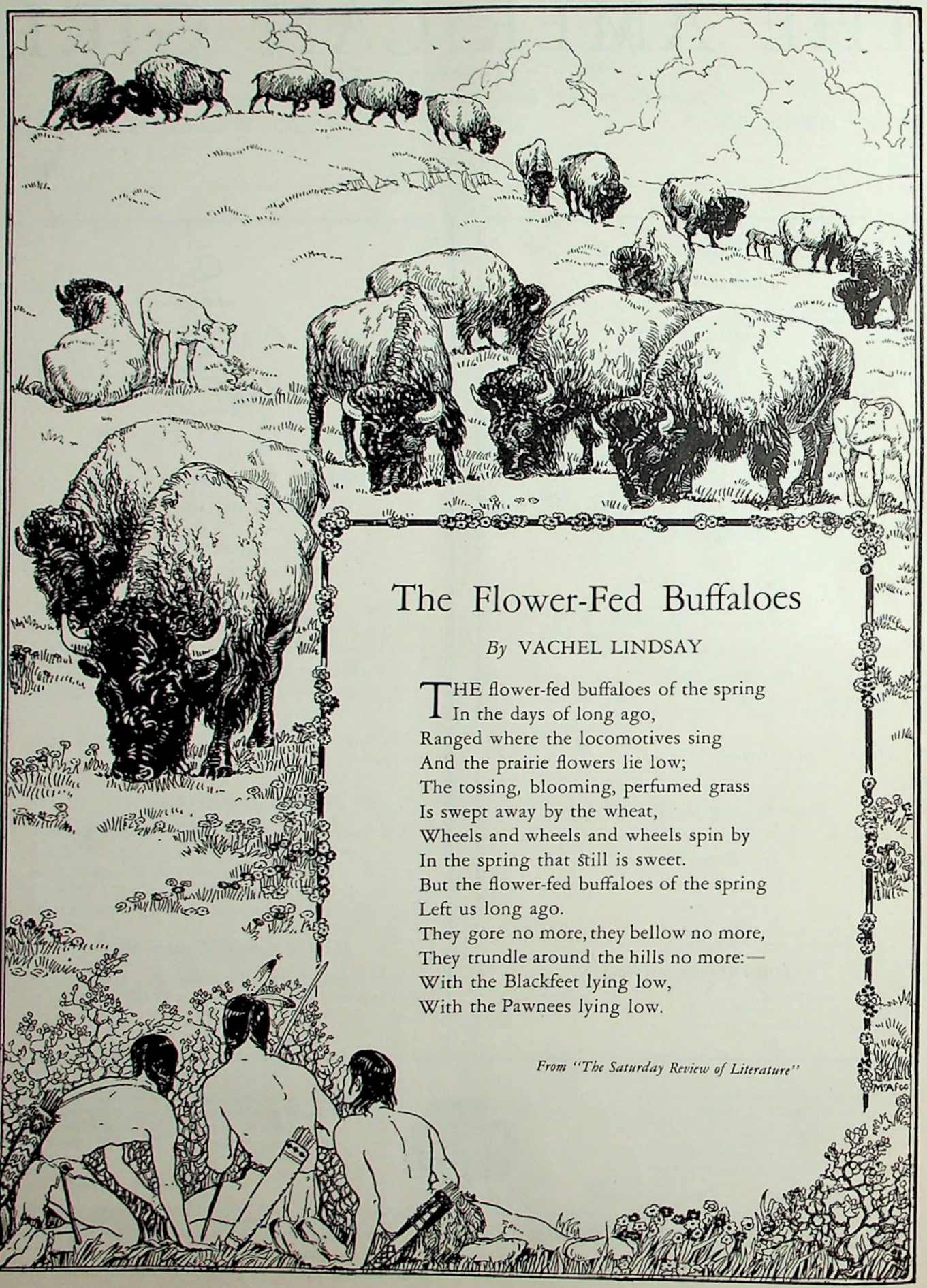
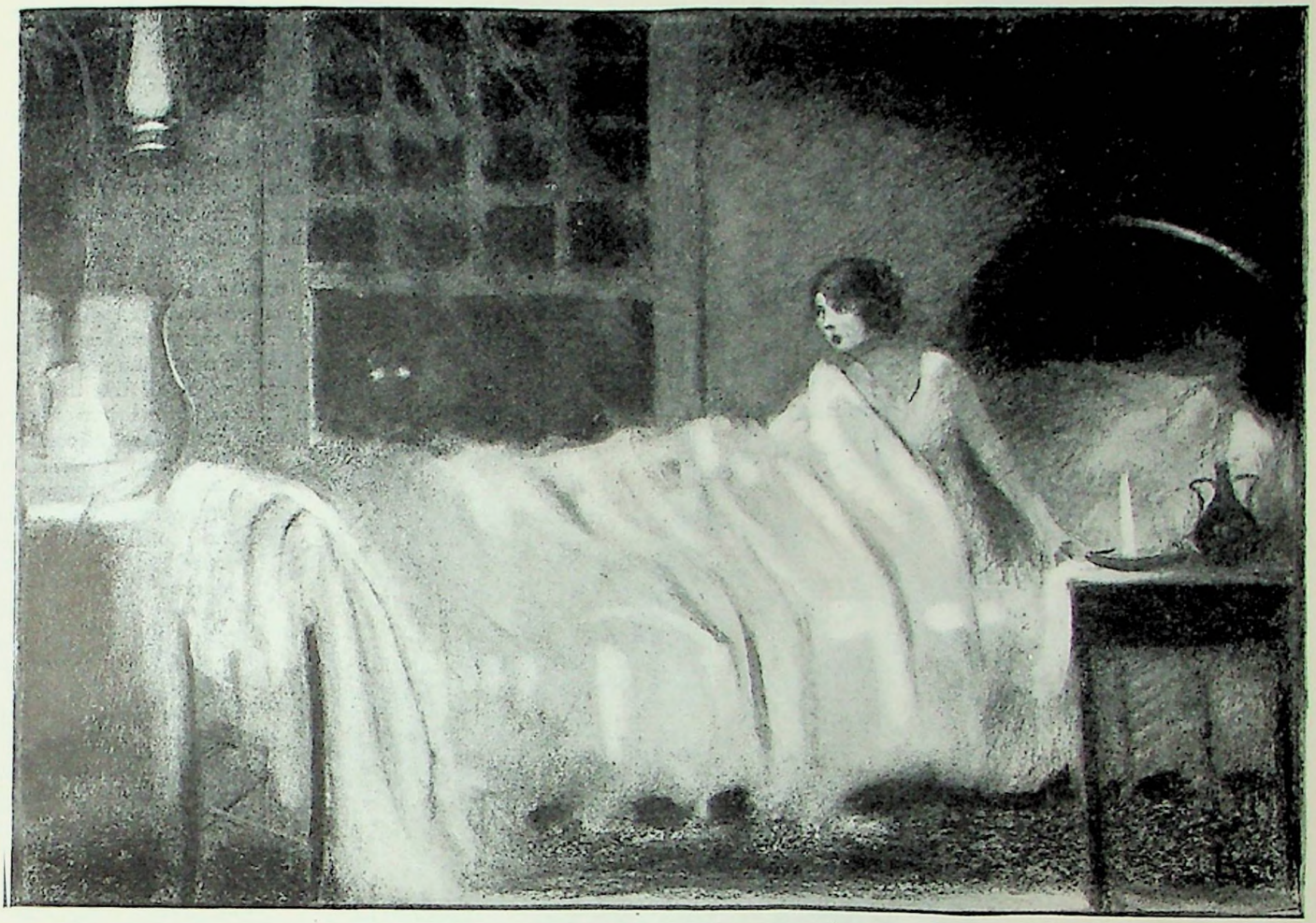


The Flower-Fed Buffaloes

By VACHEL LINDSAY

THE flower-fed buffaloes of the spring
In the days of long ago,
Ranged where the locomotives sing
And the prairie flowers lie low;
The tossing, blooming, perfumed grass
Is swept away by the wheat,
Wheels and wheels and wheels spin by
In the spring that still is sweet.
But the flower-fed buffaloes of the spring
Left us long ago.
They gore no more, they bellow no more,
They trundle around the hills no more:—
With the Blackfeet lying low,
With the Pawnees lying low.

From "The Saturday Review of Literature"



Each new theory was more terrible than the one before. My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth

Idlers in Paradise

A thrilling camping-out story of rodeo, ranch and mountain-climbing, written when this famous author was the age of our oldest Girl Scouts

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

Illustrations by Agnes C. Lehman

Rancho La Galera,
Santa Barbara County,
August 20th, 18—

DEAR HUGH: I believe it was "nominated in the bond" that I should write you a note every other day, just to keep your mental image of me clear and distinct, but that once in every two weeks I should send you a bona fide letter—one of the real old-fashioned sort, thick enough for five stamps and also "worth the money!"—(That was a cruel phrase, Hugh—to be embodied in a farewell talk, too!)

Well, since the last note was dispatched I have met with a veritable Simon-pure adventure, thrilling enough for a yellow cover. To begin with, we were seated at the tea-table a few days after our arrival in Santa Barbara. The day had been warm, and we had made eleven formal calls, having been driven in what Ruth calls, "a beastly 'bus"; therefore we were a trifle depressed.

"Dolly," said I, "I am tired of the irksomeness of herding with uninteresting fellow mortals. Can't we escape from civilization to some more or less distant ranch and vegetate a while?"

"That is the thing I long have sought, and mourned because I found it not," exclaimed Ruth, giving her sisterly support.

"It should be 'nought' to rhyme with 'sought', and that's just what you would find it," said Harry, who hates ranch life.

"Why, Kate," said Dolly, "you know Jack proposed our making him a visit, if Mrs. Douglas would chaperon us, but I had no idea you would enjoy 'roughing it'! Do you think it's too hard a trip?"

"Hard! We spurn the word," cried Ruth.

"How far is it?" I asked.

"Oh, forty-five or fifty miles."

"Not counting the rocks you go over and the 'thank-you-ma'ams' you go into", interpolated Harry. "It's about sixty miles, if you reckon those."

"It's a rough road," confessed Dolly, "but after you get there! And we needn't go through in one day."

"Oh, no," said Harry, encouragingly, "many ladies go half-way, stay over-night, and then come back rather than try the other half."

"This is not history, Kate; it is fiction," remarked Dolly.

"Oh, I don't mind him—he simply kindles my imagina-

tion. I want to go more than ever, and through in one day, too. When can we go, what is the name of the ranch and who, by the way, is Jack?"

"Jack is Mr. John Peters, who came out here from Washington a year or two ago."

"John Peters!" I ejaculated. (You can imagine my astonishment.) "Is he in this part of the country? Why, he is an old friend of my husband's, and I know him as well as if I had met him! How jolly! Of course he'll take us in!"

"Yes," said Dolly, with a divine blush, "I think he would take us in, even if he were not an old friend of your husband's!!!"

(Her tone was so peculiar that I can only indicate it on paper by three exclamation points, and even then it does not look right.)

I scanned her face so searchingly that after a moment's reflection she extended a very pretty left hand, which bore a sparkling diamond about the size that Jack Peters, in love, might be expected to buy.

"It is not announced," she said, looking into the cream jug shyly, "but I intended to tell you soon."

Ruth and I were speechless for several seconds, but finally recovered and straightway made ready for our journey, which is now an accomplished fact.

There are lemon orchards here and a grove of the finest and oldest olive trees in the State; but, excepting these, there is nothing cultivated, as the land is all given over to the cattle for grazing. It is a most beautiful spot; as lonely and quiet as if it had been left unvisited since creation. When we drove up to it, the day of our arrival, I thought I had never looked on such a picturesque landscape. We had intended, out of spite to Harry, to come through from Santa Barbara in one day; but about five o'clock in the afternoon Dolly developed a headache, which threw her adoring lover into a spasm of acute anxiety, and we concluded to stop all night at the Nipomo ranch, where we had friends. This we accordingly did—rising at six o'clock next morning and reaching our destination at nine.

"Never mind, his rifle is old, at all events," said Jack, grimly

As we neared the outer gate, two miles from the ranch-house, we found an immense squad of horses, mules, cows and calves drawn up in battle array, to welcome the master, apparently, as their noses were all thrust over the top rail; and, stationed just inside the gate, the three splendid dogs—"Luke", a great greyhound, "Dominic", a brown setter, and "Azabache", a superb black fellow, half mastiff and half hound, while "Laddie", the Scotch collie, came bounding down the road a little belated. After making our way through this crowd of tenantry we kept on up the road and the ranch-house soon appeared in view. We felt as fresh as possible, so we brushed off the dust and sat down on the veranda for a half-hour's rest before getting on our habits to ride to the *rodeo*-ground, for it was this *rodeo* that we had specially hurried from town to see.

We had no very exciting anticipations, as Jack had told us it would be a very tame spectacle in comparison with those held in the olden times. Those were, of course, great affairs and occurred in spring, but this was to be merely a *rodeo* of all the cattle on the ranch, not for the usual purpose of separating the herds and branding the calves, but to part out the fat from the lean kine for a grand cattle sale. It proved to be exciting enough for us, however, as we had never seen anything at all like it.

Our two *vaqueros,* Julian and Pancho, were accompanied from the "Nipomo" by two "extras"—one of them a scapegrace son of an old Mexican ranchero of high degree and many acres; the other Juan Capistrano, a noted Indian vaquero, quite famous as the slayer of the wildest bull ever known in this part of the country. After four hours of exciting sport, during which we even practised throwing the *"reata"* at very tame cows held very still by the *vaqueros,* we retired to some sycamore trees near the *rodeo*-ground and lunched off dried bread and olives, while the Spaniards drank copiously of *"aguardiente"* and ate jerked beef to increase their thirst. Their spirits rose perceptibly after this repast, and they essayed feats of horsemanship, those of Juan Capistrano being simply blood-curdling.

Now I thought it must be my fancy, but it seemed as if this same Juan looked upon me with greater approbation than was necessary, considering his station in life, and I could not avoid noticing that he glanced in my direction for applause immediately after performing his various feats of skill. Jack, too, spoke of it laughingly as we rode home, remarking that Juan was a curious character, one of the most daring *vaqueros* in Southern California; not above horse-thieving and a lawless fellow generally, but invaluable in his place.

After supper we gathered on the verandah and I sang a dozen Spanish songs at Jack's request, but desisted in some embarrassment at finding that the four *vaqueros* were gathered in a clump just round the corner of the house behind an oleander tree.

The ranch-house is built in the usual style, all the rooms opening on the verandah, but a second adobe joins

(*Continued on page* 34)

Lucky Penny

Installment two in which the mysterious human wail is explained—yet not explained

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

Illustrations by the author

So far in this story

THE Chipmunks were a lively Girl Scout patrol of the Holly Troop of which Penelope Stafford was a member. The girls called her "Lucky Penny" because they adored her and because the original things she was always doing seemed to come out right. When Penny suggested something, they usually followed her lead. Early May Day morning, Babs, youngest Chipmunk, carried out to the letter Penny's casual suggestion that if she would go out at sunrise and bathe her face in hawthorne dew, she would be as "beautiful as the day ever after." Penny, finding her a little later muddy and tear-stained, comforted her and led her off to deliver May baskets with the rest of the patrol. Penny suggested that the girls leave a basket for the crochety old lady who lived at the top of the hill. The girls replied that the old lady died weeks before when Penny was away. Penny insisted that this could not be true and started off, the girls tagging along. When they arrived at the house, the girls were so certain it was haunted that they refused to go further. Penny bravely started forward, however, her quick mind at once working upon the problem of how to make the house safe from prowlers. Babs and two others were the only ones to follow her into the hall of the strange, richly furnished house. As they stopped aghast, a wailing cry broke the silence. What was it? *Who* was it?

II

There was no need of telling the Chipmunks to listen. They were glued to the floor in a tense silence.

"It's the ghost!" whispered Nan.

"Perhaps we'd better get out, Penny," said Elinor. "It might be a drunken tramp that's got in."

But Penny was not there; she had tiptoed quickly to the door of the room in question. After a moment of indecision the other two followed and stood looking over her shoulder into the dim library. The shades were pulled part way down, and the elm boughs close outside darkened the windows, so that it was hard to see anything clearly in the room at first. There was the tall old black marble mantel, with the Eastern carved images upon it, and the lacquered tea-poys in the corner, and the stiff high chairs, and the dark portraits of long-gone ancestors, and rank on rank of dusty books. On the satin-covered sofa lay a bulky package, faintly white. As the girls peered about the room, this package was suddenly vigorously agitated, and from it rose—this time not a wail, but a lusty roar of rage. At that, Penny sprang forward and in a second was bending above the sofa.

"Oh, come here! Oh, you adorable, hungry, little ghost!"

For there lay, tightly pinioned in a blanket, a small person of perhaps a year old—a person whose wisps of amber colored hair curled delicately in small soft rings, whose brown eyes were at that moment squeezed tightly shut, and whose normally rose-bud mouth was at present squared for a fresh howl.

The girls bent closer in the dim room

"A foundling baby!" said Nan, when she had somewhat recovered from her surprise.

"Oh, the darling! Who *could* leave such a cunning one in an empty house—why, it's just the same as murder!" Elinor said soberly.

Penny had gathered up the child in a business-like manner, and sat with it in her arms, its small inquiring face peeping over her shoulder, tears from its arrested weeping still in its wide eyes.

"Probably didn't know the house was empty any more than I did," said Penny. "Hunt around for a note; there always is one."

"How many deserted infants have you found, may I ask?" inquired Nan. "You sound like an old hand."

"There always is, in books, I mean," said Penny. "And if all this isn't muchly like a book, then my name's Ebenezer. Holloa—here the thing is, right under my own hand."

And she withdrew one arm from the folds of the blanket, holding a bit of paper. The girls bent closer in the dimness of the still old room, to read.

"Her name is May. She is a year old to-day. She is so precious to me that you must know only bitter necessity makes me give her up. Please, in mercy, keep her and do not send her to an institution. . ."

The note was written hastily in pencil—possibly in the darkness of gathering night, for the last lines ran crookedly astray. Penny sat reading and re-reading the message, when the baby suddenly lurched forward and caught at something—then sat up again, both hands full of mayflowers, flashing a triumphant look from the starry sweetness to Penny's face and back again.

"So you've found your May basket, have you, little Queen of the May?" said Penny, "I believe it was meant for you, all the time; certainly the fairies must have sent me here."

"Oh, think of it—if you'd listened to us and hadn't come!" Nan cried. "That poor little thing just sobbing and starving to death here all alone!"

"She'll starve yet, if we don't hurry up," Penny said. "Come along!"

At the hall door they were met by the other Chipmunks, grave of face.

"We were just coming to look for you," said Emmodean. "We were afraid something had really happened."

"Here's what happened!" Penny smiled, holding up the wriggling and radiant May, who was so charmed at finding herself among human beings again that her hunger was momentarily forgotten. The Chipmunks were stricken speechless. It was Babs who first found voice.

"Oh, you lucky Penny! I suppose you're just going to *keep* her. Why can't *I* ever find babies, or anything?"

"You all talk as if I found one a day," said Penny. "I don't know whether I can keep her. I suppose it's not all as simple as it seems. Here, we'll have to take turns lugging her; she may look like a fairy but she doesn't feel like one!"

There was no doubt, from the first, that the foundling was to belong to Penny—certainly for the present. To begin with, Penny had discovered her, in a place where no one else would have thought of going. Also, Penny lived with a grandmother who adored her and would have let her bring home a stray elephant, if need be, with no question. The others doubted their parents' willingness,—"and she mustn't go to an asylum," Penny declared stoutly. "It was her mother's dying wish, that she shouldn't, you know."

"How do you know she was dying?" the other Chipmunks demanded.

"Oh, they always are," Penny stated.

"In books, I suppose," Nan said.

Penny did not wear the Child Nurse Badge for nothing. From the very first, when she appeased May's ravenous hunger with just the right amount of just the right cereal and milk and zweibach (hastily procured from Mr. Baxter-the-baker) she seemed to know just what to do. To be sure, there was no way of telling how late into the night she lay reading Dr. Holt's excellent work, and that section of the Girl Scout Handbook which devotes itself to Child Care. The Chipmunks were quite right about Penny's grandmother not minding. The old lady—who was *very* old—merely put on her spectacles and said, "How nice, dear," as if Penny had brought her a new book from the library.

Penny got down her own old crib from the attic and painted it white; also her rather ramshackle go-cart, which she decorated in a gay color-scheme of blue body and red wheels. All this went on while May, somewhat hanging over the edges of an inadequate clothes basket, took a much needed nap. Of course various members of Holly Troop happened in during the course of this eventful May Day—which was fortunately a Saturday.

"Whatever'll you do when there's school?" inquired Emmadean, always practical and ready with definite questions.

Penny, upside-down, painting the running-gear of the go-cart, was not perturbed.

"Get up at peep of dawn and have the young lady's bath et cetera done *before* school. It's just a matter of shifting her schedule a bit. Matilda isn't much good, but she can mind May till I come back."

Matilda was a small and stupid kitchen-person, who had been rapturously peering in at door cracks ever since May's arrival.

"I'll tell you what!" Babs said explosively. "I could pretend I had a terrible accident or something, so I'd *never* have to go to school; then *I* could come and secretly take care of the babe."

"Helpful as ever, Babs my dear," said Penny cheerfully. "Thank you just the same."

"But seriously," Emmadean broke in, "are you really going to keep her?"

(The Chipmunks had been quite right in thinking their own families had no welcome for the foundling. The elders even doubted Penny's wisdom in keeping her.)

"Of course I am," said Penny. "Imagine sending her to some asylum, to wear a striped apron and eat mush!"

As if in horrified protest at the very notion, May awoke suddenly, started to cry, then immediately decided to smile on seeing her friends around her. She sat herself up in the basket, and grasping its edges with both hands she gazed benignly up at the delighted Chipmunks. Then, bouncing vigorously on the improvised mattress, she shouted amiably: "Dup! Dup!"

"She means she wants to get up," translated Penny, who had already grasped her charge's limited vocabulary. "You do it; I'm too painty."

Three joyful Chipmunks fell at once upon the baby—which might have frightened a more timid child—but the dauntless May crowed with glee, and, her hands firmly clutching the hair of Nan, who had captured her, she smiled around triumphantly.

"She's a good sport," Nan said. "She ought to be troop mascot and come to all our troop meetings."

"With a bow of red ribbon around her neck, I suppose," Penny observed. "Nay, nay. She's an infant Brownie, and she's Queen of the May."

"May-May," echoed the subject of the conversation, nodding complacently, and bouncing about in Nan's arms.

"I'd have you know she's brainy, too," Penny informed her listeners. "She understands all that is said to or about her."

And, no longer able to resist giving the intellectual child a kiss, Penny did so—thereby leaving a decorative smudge of blue on May's forehead from her own indigo painted nose.

Crib and carriage dried in due time, and Penny, with great satisfaction, tucked May up in the one or aired her in the other. Each day after school Matilda had fresh tales to tell of May's goodness, her jolliness, and her brightness.

"Sleep! Why, she jest lays an' sleeps, an' me slammin' pots an' droppin' dishes an' bangin' brooms all

(*Continued on page* 29)

"We're the Brownies", they sang together

"Oh, well," and Nancy dimpled, "I was voted the prettiest freshman"

Dad's Boy

This story will show you why, in our What-I-Wish-in-my-Magazine Contest, Maud Mary Brown was voted one of "The American Girl's" most popular short story writers

By MAUD MARY BROWN

Illustrations by Douglas Ryan

FROM the vestibule of the slackening train, Nancy Briggs's eyes found her father who was in earnest conversation with a young man, and her curiosity as to his identity was lost in thankfulness that there was time for a last dab of powder on her short, impertinent nose. Meeting her father's eyes over the top of her vanity mirror, she waved her powder puff to whom it might concern and blithely descended the steps. Amazement and displeasure raced swiftly acros Mr. Briggs's features and with his head he gestured his unmistakable desire for her to go to the waiting car.

Nancy went, half-amused, half-angry, feeling like a child who has been banished from mature society, and when Mr. Briggs joined her, she was behind the wheel.

"Hello, Nancy!"

He climbed in beside her and, bending her head forward, he kissed the back of her neck, before starting.

"That," she observed, "is a hearty caress for your daughter who has been away nearly a year. Afraid of germs, dad?"

"It is the only place I could see that looked safe. Why not wear a 'fresh paint' placard, Nancy?"

"My, but you've grown rude, dad!" she retorted.

On their way through the city and up into the hills where the Briggs's farm lay, Nancy told her father about the house party where she had been since college closed, but she was scarcely comfortable under his occasional scrutiny and she was glad when they reached home and she felt her mother's arms about her.

At supper, she took her grievance out for an airing.

"Mums," she leaned across the table and spoke confidentially, excluding her father, "politics must be contaminating dad; you should see the company he keeps."

She straightened and looked at him, mischief and malice shooting out of her long, gray eyes.

"It was so considerate of you not to present him," she said sweetly.

"My consideration was all for him, Nancy," he countered.

"Yes?"—Nancy drawled, managing to make the innocent word insulting.

"You see, he was speaking of the lack of breeding of the American girl and he pointed to one powdering her nose in public as an illustration. Naturally he would have been embarrassed if I had brought that girl up and said, 'Meet my daughter!' "

"Naturally. And who is the brute?"

"Philip Ross, Harvard man and Oxford scholar and, I hope," he added, "Harchester's next high school principal."

"Oxford," Nancy speculated; "isn't that the place where they make the shoes we wore before we got into pumps?"

"They certainly do a lot for you at college," commented her father. Then, swiftly, "What do you know about the Einstein theory?"

"Einstein," echoed Nancy; "the tailor on West Street? I didn't know he had a theory."

"Or the Fascisti?"

"What is this—an intelligence test?"

"It's lucky for you it isn't, my dear."

"Oh, well!" And Nancy dimpled. "My brain may be inferior, but I was voted the prettiest freshman and that maintains the average."

"Handsome is as handsome does."

"You don't do me justice, dad."

"You are too old; justice would consist in taking you to the bathroom and washing your face."

Nancy laughed, undaunted, and rose. "If you will excuse me . . . I want to get the view before sunset and tell the horses I'm home."

In passing back of her father's chair, she bent to his ear. "I know something about Einstein's theory," she whispered, "and more about the Fascisti. You might pass the word along to your expatriated friend."

"That," observed Mr. Briggs when he and his wife were alone, "is what it cost us over a thousand dollars last year to produce."

"Her flippancy doesn't worry me, father; it is a species of protective coloring."

He smiled dubiously. "There's a lot of protective coloring about her," he admitted.

"I know. But otherwise, look at her, David. Unconfined waist, flat heels, deep chest. Not much like my generation, is she?

Nancy appeared, ready for the haying. "Today I'm dad's boy", she said

"No credit to them," he grumbled; "it's the fashion."

"Never mind Nancy now; what about the political conference?"

"The fight is on and the result doubtful."

"You've got to win the senatorship," she declared. "This country was settled by our forebears who respected and defended the law and we can't turn it over to men like Janeway who believe that the law is a joke and that personal privilege ranks higher."

"Janeway," he mused, "has money and no scruples."

"Much good his money will do him," his wife returned loyally.

"They think I ought to canvass the county, but how can I with haying upon us? A farmer ought to keep clear of politics, mother."

"There'll be a way; don't you worry about haying, father." And she rose and began to clear the table.

Nancy was in bed when she and her mother had their first intimate talk. "It's heavenly to be home, mums. The Carpenters are welcome to their villa by the sea. Mums!"—in a different voice, "I think dad really meant to be cross."

"I almost was myself, Nancy."

Nancy sat up. "Well, *why?*" she demanded.

"We have a prejudice against hand-painted faces."

"Now, mother! All the girls do it," Nancy defended herself.

"Of course if you have no individuality—"

"Please, mums! Not to-night."

"I won't speak of it again, Nancy. What do you want to hear?"

"About the farm, please."

"Well, it is haying time and we have only Mike to help and your father should be elsewhere."

"It is a shame," brooded Nancy, "that I wasn't a boy."

"We hope," continued Mrs. Briggs, "that he is going to be a state senator."

"I was so thrilled when you wrote me! Is that what's troubling him? Are they heckling him, mums?"

"They're doing everything. His fight against the illegal liquor traffic has made him many enemies. They are hinting at misapplication of the Weaver Trust Fund now. That has hurt him most. Be kind to him, honey."

"I certainly will, mums."

Her mother gone, Nancy slipped down into bed to think. She had so anticipated coming home. She loved the farm which had been in the Briggs family for three generations; she loved the rambling white house, out of sight of any other habita-

tion; she loved the peace and permanence and dignity of it all. But this plotting against her patient, wise and scholarly father marred her joy. She understood now the hints she had read in the Harchester paper—hints too adroitly handled to be branded libel.

"Oh, I should have been a boy!" she grieved.

And below stairs, her father was echoing that thought.

"We should begin cutting on the twenty-acre meadow," Mr. Briggs observed at breakfast, "but I have to go to town."

"Politics?" queried Nancy, and when he nodded,—"Dad," she began, "why don't you get on the offensive with this gang and keep them too busy defending themselves to do any attacking? That's our technique in basket-ball."

"I'm not engaged in a college game," he smiled, "but a political campaign."

"To my feeble intellect," retorted Nancy, "they seem much the same."

She followed him when he left the house. "Dad," she said, flushing, "being only a girl, I can't help much, but I'll give you this just as a sign that I'd like to."

She turned and fled and, looking down at his hand, he saw her vanity case. He slipped it into his pocket, his face relaxing.

When he had gone, Nancy stalked into the kitchen. "Mums," she said, "Mike and I are going to begin haying; I spoke to him before breakfast."

"Nonsense, Nancy! Your father would be scandalized."

"At college I rank high in athletics and you like it. Why shouldn't I use some of my muscle and skill in driving Harry and Dan whom I love and, incidentally, mowing some hay?"

"The cases aren't parallel."

"My training is useless, mums, unless it prepares me for an emergency. That's what our director tells us—that it isn't only fun—it's making ourselves fit for any circumstance."

Mrs. Briggs's anxious eyes filled and she made no further remonstrance. A little later Nancy, in practical knickers, passed through the kitchen and stopped to kiss her.

"Today," she said, "I'm dad's boy."

At noon Mike, whose house lay over the next hill, told his wife what Nancy was doing and Theresa's Irish eyes snapped.

"Wasn't I in high school with her? And wasn't I thinking that a year at college topped off by that house party her mother was telling me about would make her haughty? Mowing, is she? Well, Mike, my lad, if Nancy can mow, I guess I can ride the horse rake."

And she did.

Mr. Briggs came home hungry at dark to get his bag for a three-days' trip to the outlying towns of the country. He made no inquiry about the work that day and no information was volunteered.

"Royal Brewster"—a judge and a friend—"is going with me," he said, sitting down to eat. "He says the opposition is overreaching; he is certain of victory."

"Cheerio!" cried Nancy. "Have some chicken, dad."

"Nancy, tell Mike that Tom Blake has promised to come up Saturday to stay through haying, but that he isn't to pass up anybody else."

"All right, dad. You run along and roll your political hoop and don't worry about the farm."

Before picking up his bag to go to his car, he placed his hands on Nancy's shoulders.

"I'm glad you're here," he said, and she felt as though she had received a decoration.

Followed several feverish days. Mike and Theresa and Nancy hurled themselves at that twenty-acre field with all of the gusto of youth and Mrs. Briggs did her bit by feeding them. Theresa telephoned to town and ordered her two brothers, idle because of the shutting down of the mills, to come up and get to work, and because obeying their forthright sister was a family habit, they came. Mike learned that a neighbor's hay was not ready to cut and he drafted him and his sons and his team.

"This is the life!" Nancy trilled to her mother as she was cooling off in the hammock. "Being a producer is a grand and glorious feeling."

Mr. Briggs telephoned daily and his voice betrayed anxiety over the work.

"Everything is all right," she encouraged him. "Mr. Cass and his boys are here. By all means stay till Saturday if it seems advisable."

By Saturday afternoon the teams were hurrying in the last loads of hay; Theresa had gone home to make her neglected house ready for Sunday. Nancy had finished raking and had ridden back to the barn, tired, looking disreputable and happy. Her knickers were soiled; one stocking was badly rent; her face was dust-streaked. She eased herself off the rake and, leaving the horses for Mike, who was following, she went around the corner of the barn, whistling, on her way to the house and nearly catapulted into her father and the obnoxious Harvard-Oxford man.

She was furious—at herself for blundering upon them, at them for being there. Acutely conscious of her appearance, she nevertheless squared her shoulders and opened her mouth to speak when her father's voice, cold and stern, impacted against her ears.

"Go to the house, Nancy," it said.

She went, swaggering defiantly, but, "Twice is once too many," she whispered, her lips quivering.

"I'm sorry", Philip Ross said, watching her, "that you did that."

Mr. Briggs, if he had a reply, had no opportunity to make it for just then Mike came around the corner of the barn, grinning. "We'll have it in by dark, thanks to Nancy," he said informally.

Now Mrs. Briggs, during the moment she had seen her husband, had said nothing about the work and Mr. Briggs was puzzled. "Have what in?" he snapped, venting his irritation on Mike.

"The hay on the twenty-acre piece. Nancy has been general and recruiting officer and orderly," he added generously.

"You mean that meadow is *done?*"

(*Continued on page* 48)

The Saracen Girl

will come to you in our July issue

A girl in the mighty Sahara, land of the desert and caravan loads of silks and jewels—hers is the story of a brave young bride who does not falter in the face of dire danger. Katherine Dunlap Cather never wrote a better story than this.

Anne Foster

The story of a girl who dreamed of becoming an author

By HELEN FERRIS

Illustrations by Ethel C. Taylor

WHEN some one who has enjoyed Anne Foster's magazine stories asks her how she happens to be writing in New York City when she was born in Darelton, New Hampshire, Anne smiles her wide, sudden smile and says it is perfectly simple. She did it in five moves like checkers. From Darelton to Middleville, New Hampshire to Monroe, New Hampshire to Janesburg, Indiana to Indianapolis to New York. And there she is!

Which of course does not explain matters in the least. For *why* did she go from Middleville to Monroe? Or from Monroe to Janesburg? Or, for that matter, why did she ever leave Darelton at all? Girls with whom Anne attended school are still there. Was Anne different?

1.

Anne Foster's father owned a small New Hampshire farm just outside Darelton. It was a beautiful farm with rolling hillsides, dashing little brooks in spring, and a glimpse of misty blue mountains against the distant sky. But it had stones. The more stones Mr. Foster and his man dug up, the more they found. Wherever he wished to make a planting, the stones got there first. So although he worked very hard and although Mrs. Foster's thin, taut hands never rested except when she was asleep, there was never more than barely enough for food and clothes for Anne and her sister and two brothers. Sometimes the money did not get so far as the clothes.

Anne never went visiting to a city. The longest trip she ever made until she was twenty, was to Monroe, sixteen miles away. But she was not lonely. She and her sister and brothers had great fun on the farm with the cows and horses and chickens and cats and dogs, all of whom Anne named because, as her sister said, she was "good at naming things".

Besides, there were the neighbors. Anne knew every one for miles around, every man, every woman, every boy, every girl, every baby. They called her a "sociable little piece", and never seemed out of temper over her innumerable questions. Perhaps it was the brightness of her eyes which attracted them to her or perhaps it was her wide, sudden smile. Certainly she was not pretty with her straight hair of nondescript brown and her nose that was undoubtedly too small for her mouth!

"That girl o' yours is a hum-dinger," the rural free delivery man told Mr. Foster. "Knows more about this job'n I do, this minute."

"The only way to keep her still's to give her a book," replied Mr. Foster wearily dropping a stone upon the stone wall.

Anne could never get enough books. Before she was twelve she had read every book in the Foster house, every book in the meager school library, every book in every neighbor's house including the minister's. Then, never having heard of the State Library Commission which would have sent her books had she known, she turned to her father's *Farm Journal,* the only magazine which the family could afford. In it she found little to interest her but she read it faithfully because it was her only new reading.

At the country school, Anne stood highest in her class of five. On visitors' day, she was invariably on the program with a "piece". All of which made it quite inevitable that by the time she had reached the highest grade Mrs. Higgins and Mrs. Snyder and Mrs. Bailey and all the other neighbors were saying to Mrs. Foster, "Your Anne's just cut out for being a teacher". To which Mrs. Foster always replied, "That's what Mr. Foster and I keep tellin' her. Her grandpa Foster was an elder, you know."

Anne herself took it for granted that she would teach. Though she loved the farm, she did not love working on it. If she taught, she could earn money and so would not find it necessary to help with the wash or in cleaning the chicken house. Moreover, a teacher was *somebody,* she thought, for she had noticed the respect in people's voices when they mentioned one.

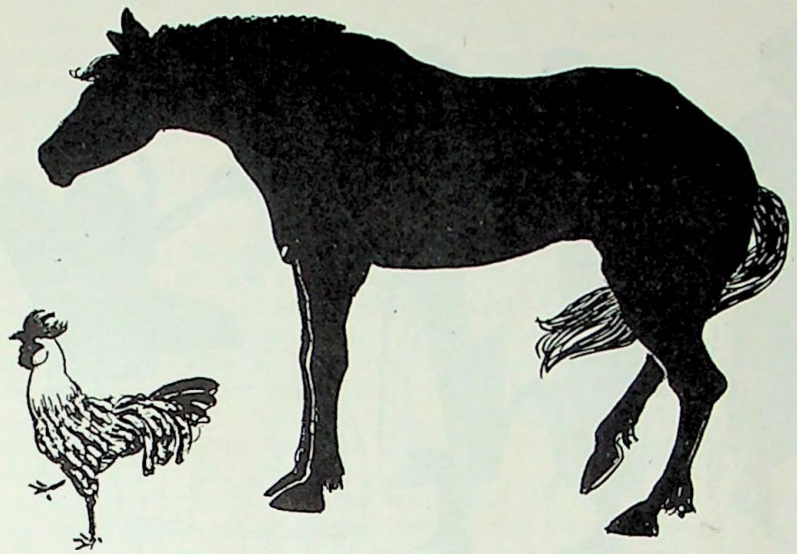
So perhaps Anne, in New York, is justified in calling her first move away from Darelton "perfectly simple". For in it she did only what was expected of her, only what other Darelton girls had done before her. She went to Middleville for her high school and normal training. She took the "place" which Nellie Higgins was leaving, where she was able to earn her room rent and board by helping with the housework at Mrs. Thompson's.

2.

Perhaps, too, she is justified in describing her next move, six years later as "perfectly simple". She had completed high school and normal school. She was ready to teach. So she taught—in Monroe, New Hampshire because it was but sixteen miles distant from her father's farm and because everyone said, "How lucky you are! Now you can go home to visit whenever you want to."

Anne still took it for granted that she would be a school teacher. To her senior friends in a game of Truth, she admitted that she wished to be married some day. But meanwhile she would teach in Monroe's eighth rather than fourth grade because the advanced class included more interesting English work.

For Anne, a normal school senior, had discovered something which she enjoyed more than practice teaching or reading or talking with her neighbors—writing! She had entered every course in writing which the normal school offered and had wished there were more. She had



written class songs and plays and stunts and had been one of the editors of *The Clarion,* the normal school year book. And since her junior year, she had been keeping a diary that had gradually enlarged itself into a journal. It was such fun to her, writing down the things that happened, describing people whom she met, even attempting to explain to herself the meaning of questions that puzzled her.

It would have seemed presumptuous to her, at this time, to imagine herself the author of a book or even of magazine stories. The names of men and women upon the covers of books or in magazines were those of remote, wonderful creatures who must have known from early childhood that they were to become writers. Her own love of writing, her own original songs and class comments had nothing to do with such as they. For she was to be a teacher. That is, until she was married.

So Anne moved to Monroe.

3.

Two years from that time, Anne Foster, who had always done what people expected of her, moved to Janesburg, Indiana, a small town no larger than Monroe, of which neither she nor her family had heard until eight weeks before she went. Nor did she go as a teacher.

For a year Anne taught in Monroe's eighth grade, enjoying her boys and girls as much as she had anticipated. To be sure, there were disorderly days and interminable days and tired days and discouraging days. But there were, too, interesting days and happily surprising days and absorbing days. Her pupils, feeling in Anne the same eager interest in themselves to which the Darelton neighbors had responded, called Anne a "good sport," and invited her to chaperon their sleigh-rides. Mr. Bigelow, the School Principal, told her he hoped she would remain in Monroe indefinitely.

So Anne went on with her teaching, taking things as they came, enjoying most the hours of grammar and literature, still writing in her journal accounts of amusing and puzzling things that occurred.

By the end of the year, however, a disconcerting question was continually popping into her head. The chief reason for its popping may have been due to the failure of any of Monroe's young men to reach Anne's ideal for a husband. At any rate, as she looked about her, she saw fellow school teachers who, unmarried, had been teaching in the same school for years and years and years. This caused Anne to ask herself, "What about *me?*"

What if she, too, did not marry? Did she wish to teach in Monroe for years and years and years? She could move to another town, to be sure. But did she wish to teach years and years and years, anywhere?

For the first time, Anne realized that she had unconsciously regarded her teaching as temporary. But what else could she do? Nothing.

Yet the question persisted. It whirled when she returned to Monroe, the following fall. And it was whirling most persistently one day when she chanced to meet Mr. Jenkins upon the street. Mr. Jenkins was owner and editor of *The Monroe Gazette,* the town's weekly paper.

"You're just the person I want to see, Miss Foster," he said. "Won't you come over to the office while I tell you something?"

Anne followed Mr. Jenkins up the wooden stairs into a small disorderly office. Mr. Jenkins swept a pile of papers from a rickety chair and motioned to Anne. "Sit down, Miss Foster," he invited.

"Miss Foster," he went on, "do you remember what you wrote for me about the school debate and the May party and the rest?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Anne. How could she have forgotten them, her first contributions to a real newspaper!

"Well, Miss Foster, Billings is leaving me next week. Somebody died, and he's inherited a place down in Maine. You're the only one I can think of in town that knows how to pick up news and write it the way he does. So what I want to know's this. Will you have time, after school, to take Billings's work off my shoulders?"

Anne caught her breath. Write for *The Gazette!*

"I can't pay much," went on Mr. Jenkins. "But I thought maybe—"

"I'd love to, Mr. Jenkins," interrupted Anne. "If you think I can do it."

"Take a chance," said the editor.

Anne's gift for sociability stood her in good stead in her new after-school-hours work. She was already acquainted with the townspeople and liked them. They in turn liking her, naturally stopped to chat whenever they saw her. And Anne kept a small notebook in her pocket in which she jotted down the news items.

The week her first column appeared, Anne mailed ten marked copies of *The Gazette* to her family and friends. Over and over and over she read her "Chattings." Over and over and over she looked at the printed words, "By Anne Foster."

"Anne Foster," she whispered. "It *is* a pretty name."

Three months later, she hurried into *The Gazette* office calling, "Mr. Jenkins. Oh, Mr. Jenkins, I have an idea!"

Mr. Jenkins came out from the composing room. "What's up?"

"Mr. Jenkins," asked Anne, excitedly, "can't we have part of the paper every week for a sort of women's corner? Mrs. Newman says she gives lots of material to other papers in the towns where she lectures and she will do the same for us if we'll promise to use it."

Mrs. Newman was the popular representative of the Department of Agriculture who, for more than a year, had been giving talks to the housekeepers of Monroe on modern methods in homemaking.

Mr. Jenkins tipped his chair against the wall. "We used to have a page like that," he said. "Did it myself. But I got so many kicks about it, I quit. Do you think you could—?"

"The best housekeepers in town have been going to every one of Mrs. Newman's talks," urged Anne, "and she's promised to help."

Anne kept a notebook in which she jotted down news items for the "Monroe Gazette"

"I can't pay any more, Miss Foster."

"I don't care, Mr. Jenkins, really I don't. It would be so interesting, I'd stay up nights if necessary. And I can look over all the other newspapers that come in for ideas. And—"

"All right, if that's the way you feel, go ahead. But remember Mrs. Ward and Mrs. Clark and all the rest of the gang have been keeping house for twenty or thirty years or more and they know you never have!"

Anne grinned. "I'll flourish Mrs. Newman's name! And I'll go to the Missionary Society's Social Hour every month to get their advice. You watch!"

Anne now found new significance in her casual conversations with Monroe's housewives. In what were they most interested? Alert to every chance discussion, she entered in her notebook any mention of styles, baby food, recipes, crochet patterns, motion picture stars. She asked Mr. Jenkins for a desk at *The Gazette* that she might examine the incoming newspapers as well as the "boiler plate" matter distributed by a National Syndicate which any small town newspaper might purchase. She tried the plan of apportioning certain space to Mrs. Newman's Household Hints, varying the rest as widely as possible.

As she gathered her news items, she asked the townswomen what they thought of *The Gazette's* new department; of the men she sought their wives' opinions. She was keenly alert for expressions of disapproval, as well as approbation. And to her joy, some months later, Mrs. Ward loudly remarked at the Missionary Society's Social Hour, "That's a real nice part of *The Gazette* you're running, Miss Foster. I told Mr. Ward last night it seems like you realize we women've got some sense."

Anne was never so happy—until May.

In May, Mr. Bigelow, the School Principal, sent for her. "Miss Foster," he said, "I have been watching this newspaper work of yours and I regret to say it has been reported to me that you are spending more time on it than on your teaching."

A hot wave swept over Anne. Reported to him! By whom? She bit her lip.

"And I must add, Miss Foster, that your last year's teaching was more satisfactory to us than this. If you wish to remain next year, the position is yours only on condition that you resign from *The Gazette*. You may have three weeks in which to decide, Miss Foster. But I must know by June first."

Anne was distraught. With a sudden wrench, her life was changed from a pleasantly ordered succession of days to distressingly uncertain ones.

Alone, she went out into the nearby hills to reach a decision. She felt blocked, baffled. Yet gradually one aspect of her perplexity became cleared. She realized that she enjoyed her newspaper work far more than her teaching. How she wished she might give all her time to it!

Then, for the first time, the possibility of becoming a writer occurred to Anne. Why not go into newspaper work altogether? Other women had done so, she had read of them.

In her first enthusiasm, she turned and hurried toward Mr. Jenkins. But a feeling of hopelessness stopped her. Mr. Jenkins could not afford to pay her enough to support herself. What reason had she to believe that any other newspaper would want her? She could teach well, if she concentrated upon it.

But if she taught, she must give up "The Gazette."

"Mr. Jenkins," said a worried voice, "do you know of any newspaper where I could earn enough to live on?"

At the first pleading note, Mr. Jenkins turned. "What's up?" he asked. "Sit down and tell me about it."

In reply to Anne's story, he fumbled among the dusty letters in his drawer. "Bob wrote me last year, I think it was. Now where's that letter?"

As he searched, he explained that Bob, his brother-in-law, was the owner and editor of a paper in Janesburg, Indiana. "Place about the size of Monroe, but they started a boys' school there last year and Bob got all the job printing, catalogue and everything. That's why he wanted some one to help him."

He found the letter at last and Anne, reading it, learned that Bob had needed an all-round newspaper person to assist him.

Anne looked up. "This was a year ago, Mr. Jenkins."

"Sure. But it won't hurt for you to write, will it? You drop a letter to Bob tonight and so will I."

Anne's eyes were frightened. "Oh, not tonight, Mr. Jenkins, please. Wait till I decide, till I know."

"Decide what? Know what?"

"Whether I—"

"You like the newspaper work better than teaching, don't you?"

"Oh, yes."

"You have enough saved to get you out there, haven't you?"

"Yes, but—"

"And you can handle it, you *bet* you can. Listen, if he still has the opening, put him off a couple of months and work here through the summer. I'll put you through a course of sprouts on this make-up business and editorials and the rest of it. I'd keep you myself if I ever made more than a living out of this plant. Anyway, why not write to him? You won't commit yourself to anything."

"All right, I will," faltered Anne.

Mr. Robert Johnson, owner and editor of the Janesburg, Indiana *Weekly Courier* promptly replied that the opening had been filled twice during the year but was again vacant. Upon the recommendation of his brother-in-law, he would engage Miss Foster. The salary stated was less than Anne could earn as a teacher. But it would support her in Janesburg. He could not, however, wait until September. He must have the place filled by the first of July.

Anne was in a panic. What reason had she to believe she could make good in another town? She didn't know any one in Janesburg! How could she ever gather any news there? What if she used up her savings on railroad fare and extra expenses and then failed? Where would she live? Besides, she did not know enough about newspaper make-up or even writing to go in July!

To which Mr. Jenkins replied, "Nonsense! I can show you a lot about the make-up before you leave. Are you going to give up your newspaper work entirely? You'll be running into Mr. Bigelows and School Boards, wherever you go. They don't like their teachers riding two horses, most places I know of."

Anne realized the truth of what Mr. Jenkins said. If she decided upon teaching, she could not be a newspaper woman. And she wished to be a newspaper woman more than anything else—if only she weren't so frightened!

"Take a chance, Miss Foster," urged Mr. Jenkins. Then, slowly, with lines of deep regret sobering his face, "It's worth it to find out."

4

So Anne took a chance. She moved to Janesburg, Indiana, a town no larger than Monroe, in which she had not a single friend. And she arrived after dark!

Anne always calls her three years in Janesburg, her voyage of Columbus. She discovered! She discovered that she need not have been so frightened about working for *The Courier*. If you wish to learn something hard enough, if you keep your eyes open and listen, you learn it, she found. She discovered that people in Janesburg were as friendly as they had been in Monroe, with the same kind of news items to be had. She discovered that writing and writing and writing makes writing easier.

She discovered that you can work so hard that you cannot do more—yet you must, because the paper must come out on time. She discovered that you can be so lonely that you cry in your room. And that you can hate your old dresses fiercely—yet have no money for a new one.

And she discovered that one move does not permanently answer the question, "What shall I do next?"

This time, it was Miss Josephine Housman of the Book Wagon who suggested an answer to Anne. The Book Wagon was a fascinating circulating library on wheels which began driving into Janesburg a year after Anne's arrival. Anne discovered it at once, with an immediate liking for the librarian in charge of the wagon.

When she told Miss Housman the story of her coming to Janesburg and of her hard year's work, Miss Housman's eyes glistened and she replied, "My dear, all your life you will be glad you had the *gimp* to do it." And on her next trip, she brought Anne a book on the *Country Newspaper*.

The following September, Miss Housman asked, "Where are you planning to go next, Anne? Surely you realize by this time that there is only just so much experience to be had on a Janesburg *Courier*."

"I've been thinking that, too, Josephine. Do—do you think I can ever learn to write, really well?" faltered Anne.

Miss Housman looked sharply into Anne's eyes. "I don't know and you don't know. Perhaps you won't know ten years from now. The point is, do you want to try?"

"Oh, yes!" There was no hesitation in Anne's reply. She had been thinking and reading a great deal during that first Janesburg year.

"Well, then, try. Stay here another year or so. Get everything there is in it. Save your money so you won't starve when you make a try for some city newspaper. Meanwhile, why don't you try your hand at short-story writing? What were you just telling me about that farmer's wife who neglects the chickens to write a novel of life at court? That has a story germ, I'm thinking."

5

A year and a half later, Anne Foster moved to Indianapolis.

No Indianapolis editor had invited her to come. Anne knew no one there. Again with her savings for fare and board, she arrived in a strange place.

She was not so frightened as over her Janesburg move. She knew that it was only a question of time before she would have made new friends. But she had a new anxiety because she had a new hope. She knew now that she wished to write, the rest of her life. What if she could find no position which would enable her to do so?

What if, after years of effort, she should never have written really well?

There were no jobs to be had on the Indianapolis papers. In her calls but one crumb of encouragement was offered her. One editor told her to come back "sometime."

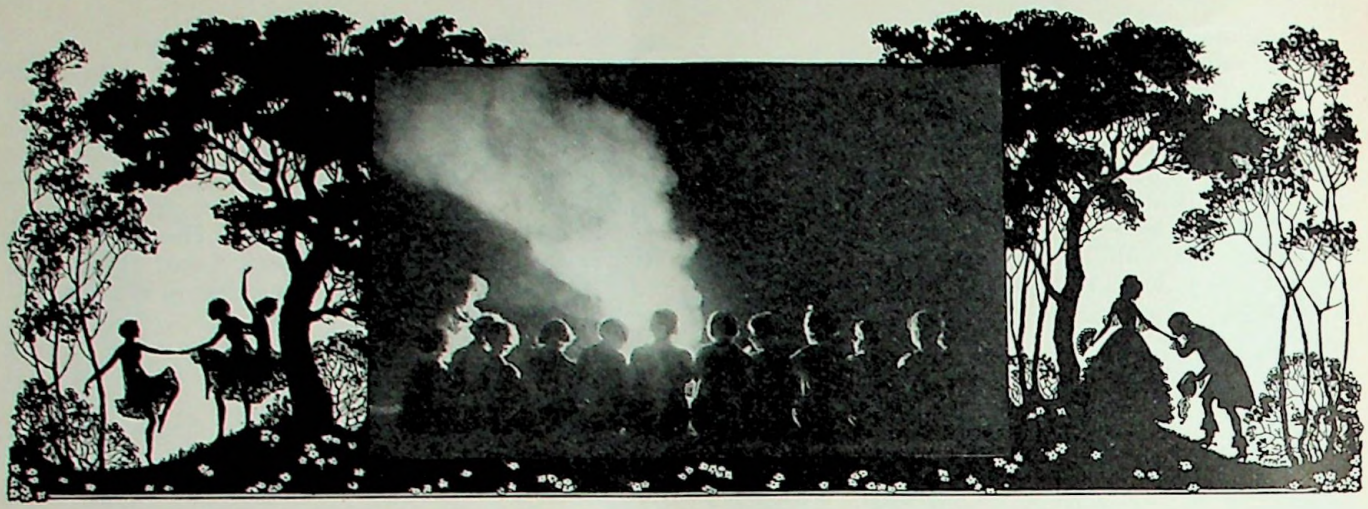
Anne returned the next day. And the next. And the next. Until, as Anne describes it, the editor must have decided that as long as she was there, she might as well be put to work!

She was a cub reporter, unwelcome among the young men who resented her intrusion. The dullest assignments were given her. The city frightened her. Every trolley she boarded seemed possessed to carry her beyond her destination or in the wrong direction. She did not earn enough to support herself. Her room was a small, depressing cubicle. Yet she held on.

Anne's husband listening to one of her stories

Gradually, the city became less terrifying. The other "cubs" dropped their resentment, and after months of discouragement, Anne's opportunity came. The owners of the paper had decided upon a policy of expansion in the surrounding countryside. Who knew anything about small towns? Who knew the country? Word was passed about the office. With those others who had come to Indianapolis from small com-

(*Continued on page* 44)



Around the Camp-fire

With Oleda Schrottky

Decoration by Ila McAfee

On this page, each month during the coming summer, Oleda Schrottky will give you suggestions for your own camp-fire.

TO THINK of life in the great out-of-doors without a camp-fire would be quite impossible. There is an hour just after the evening meal is cleared away, when the sun begins to dip below the hemlock grove, which draws us around the red council fire. It is then we pile the logs high and in a great circle of comradeship exchange the experiences of the day.

Some one once said that story-telling began when fire was invented. Our ancestors after long hard days of fighting foes or struggling for food would gather about the fire and exchange the story of the day's adventures. The leaping flames, the ruddy glow, the sweet odor of the boughs, brought to those about the fire a desire to reach high like the flames and like the burning boughs to send forth thoughts of only the noblest things.

In the old days the fire served, too, as a means to frighten away wild beasts. Although we build our Girl Scout camps in the heart of the woods, whenever we can, we need not fear the beasts that menaced our ancestors. There are other vicious things, however, quite as undesirable as the wild beasts our forefathers feared. Among them are discontent, envy, greed, laziness and gossip. They have a way of creeping into our happy circle of comradeship and blinding us to beauty and dulling our hearts and souls to the music about us.

So, on your first night in camp, as you gather around your camp-fire, resolve to make away with those things that menace the beauty of the cool green forest; thrust into your fire envy and malice, and follow the Heart of the Wood into the depth of its leafy loveliness.

It was while thinking of this that I wrote the following ceremony which you may give, as part of your first camp-fire program. Perhaps some of you who already know that you are going to camp for the first weeks will wish to plan now upon giving it, learning your parts before you leave home.

A Ceremony for the First Night in Camp

Characters

HEART OF THE WOOD
FIRST FIRE TENDER
SECOND FIRE TENDER
THIRD FIRE TENDER
DISCONTENT
SELFISHNESS
ENVY
GREED
LAZINESS
GOSSIP

Any other characters you wish to add.

Scene

Girls seated around the camp-fire. Enter girl dressed in long green gown—a wreath of oak leaves in her hair.

FIRST FIRE TENDER: Who are you—and what do you wish?

HEART OF THE WOOD: I am the Heart of the Wood and bid you welcome to its leafy loveliness.

SECOND FIRE TENDER: We thank you, Heart of the Wood. What would you have us do?

HEART OF THE WOOD: Be happy, my young friends.

FIRST FIRE TENDER: An easy task—

(*The first Fire Tender is interrupted by angry voices heard outside of the camp-fire circle. The features of the group as they approach are not discernible, as they are covered with long veils. These characters symbolize the unpleasantnesses which may appear in your camp. Discontent, Selfishness, Envy, Greed, Gossip, etc. They hover on the outside of the circle waiting for an opportunity to slip in.*)

SECOND FIRE TENDER: Who are those ugly creatures and what brings them here?

THIRD FIRE TENDER: Why do they hover outside our council fire?

HEART OF THE WOOD: They are exiles, banished from the Heart of the Wood forever. They cannot enter here

(*Continued on page* 32)

"My Own Pioneer" Contest

Donna Elizabeth Gill, Troop 1, Lebanon, Oregon, and Marian Peterson, Troop 12, Casper, Wyoming, are awarded first places by the judges

SINCE our Pioneer Contest was first announced, there have been many pioneer happenings among the Girl Scouts. Pioneer meetings have been held—and we shall shortly publish a picture sent us from the Riverside, California, Girl Scouts, who poked about in attic trunks for the dresses they wore at their pioneer meeting. Pioneer Girl Scout papers have been published, the *Loyalty News of* Portland, Oregon, with a Covered Wagon cover. Girl Scout rallies have had many pioneer numbers, an interesting one in Manhattan being when the girls of a certain troop gathered about their Captain and told stories of their own pioneers.

Then the stories began to arrive for the contest, more and more and more of them, until our Pioneer Contest became the largest ever held by THE AMERICAN GIRL. From all parts of the country came the stories, with the greater number from the Far West and the Middle West; and with more about the pioneers in Girl Scouts' own families than about those which had been "borrowed". When some arrived by air mail from Wyoming, we could not but wonder what our forefathers in covered wagons would have thought could they have been once more upon the plains, looking up to see airplanes speeding across the blue!

Mrs. Nancy Howell Gill, grandmother of Donna Elizabeth Gill, Lebanon, Oregon, who won first prize in our Pioneer Contest. Mrs. Gill is here standing in front of the old school house she attended sixty years ago

Do you wonder that the judges spent many hours in careful reading and discussion? The judges were: Miss Gertrude Barnes of the editorial staff of THE AMERICAN GIRL; Mrs. Jean Hosford Fretwell, instructor in Girl Scouting, Teachers College, Columbia University; and Miss Marion Humble, executive secretary of the National Association of Book Publishers. Stories of real and stirring adventure pressed forward for their special consideration, stories of courage and daring, stories of quiet fortitude in the face of dire hardships, stories of cyclones, fires, Indians, rattlesnakes—of every terror met by our early pioneers, stories that made the judges thrill anew at the thought of the heritage our forefathers have given us, the Girl Scouts of today. We are grateful to our judges for their careful work and we shall do our best to comply with their request to "publish in THE AMERICAN GIRL as many of these stories as you can."

When Mrs. Herbert Hoover, our National President, who is donating the prizes for the Pioneer Contest, heard about the many splendid stories submitted, she at once said, "We must publish a book of them!" And this very thing we are hoping to do.

We are publishing in this issue the two stories which won first place in each division of the contest, the first division of which you will remember included stories about some pioneer in each girl's own family; the other of which was to be about a pioneer of whom a Girl Scout had heard from a friend. We are also publishing here the one of the two stories which won second place in our contest. And we announce with pleasure the following complete list of those girls who won places in the contest for Special Honorable Mention and Honorable Mention.

In the stories about a pioneer from their own families, the following Girl Scouts were considered best:

FIRST PLACE: Donna Elizabeth Gill, Age 14, Troop 1, Lebanon, Oregon.
SECOND PLACE: Rosemary Saxton, Age 12, Troop 7, Canton, Ohio.
THIRD PLACE: Rosalind Marble, Age 13, Troop 43, Cleveland, Ohio.
FOURTH PLACE: Katherine Louise Clerke, Age 16, Troop 1, Spring Valley, New York.

In the stories about a pioneer whom they "borrowed", the following Girl Scouts were considered best:

FIRST PLACE: Marian Peterson, Age 13, Troop 12, Casper, Wyoming.
SECOND PLACE: Lillian Roth, Age 14, Troop 10, Casper, Wyoming.
THIRD PLACE: Winifred P. Wilkie, Age 19, Troop 1, East Cleveland, Ohio.
FOURTH PLACE: Mildred Ellen Wilson, Age 12, Troop 1, Bowling Green, Missouri.

Casper, Wyoming's stories

The judges wish to make special mention of the thirty stories sent in by Casper, Wyoming—a splendid contribution. They also wish to commend the story submitted by Barbara Jenkins, Age 9, Brownie of Iris Troop 4, Pullman, Washington. Although Barbara was too young officially to enter the contest which was open to Girl Scouts, her story is excellent and we hope to publish it in the magazine.

Special Honorable Mention

Special Honorable Mention is also made of the following: Sarah Brownrigg Bowman, Age 13, Troop 22, Atlanta, Ga.; Jean Cameron, Age 12. Troop 20, Washington, D. C.; Orline Cameron, Age 16, Troop 11, Casper, Wyo.; Rachel Faude, Age 13, Troop 1, Ionia, Mich.; Esther Mae Haeld, Age 13, Troop 18, Sioux City, Ia.; Sarah H. Harrison, Age 14, Troop 4, Fort Smith, Ark.; Dorothy Taylor Hurlbut, Age 15, Troop 1, Bay Shore, L. I., N. Y.; Mary Louise Irwin, Age 13, Troop 5, Champaign, Ill.; Helen Loper, Age 15, Troop 1, Baldwin, L. I., N. Y.; Jane MacLeod, Age 12, Troop 7, Brookline, Mass.; Martha Mead, Age 12, Troop 2, Casper, Wyo.; Jean Peddicord, Age 12, Troop 5, Champaign, Ill.; Veronica Poinier, Age 14, Troop 2, Casper, Wyo.; Grace Poppleton, Age 15, Troop 1, Portland, Ore.; Margaret Smith, Age 14, Troop

1, Plainview, Minn.; Ada I. R. Snyder, Age 14, Troop 2, Lancaster, N. Y.; Saramae Surber, Age 16, Troop 4, Sioux City, Ia.; Alice Mae Tipton, Age 13, Troop 1, Arma, Kas.; Jean Vaughan, Age 13, Troop 58, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Helen Wells, Age 12, Troop 4, Milwaukee, Wis.; Helen Louise West, Age 13, Troop 15, Albany, N. Y.,; Lois White, Age 13, Troop 1, Little Falls, Minn.; Betty Wiederhold, Age 12, Troop 2, Casper, Wyo.; Blanche Zieliff, Age 14, Troop 1, Faribault, Minn.

The following girls have received Honorable Mention: Barbara Beers, Age 10, Troop 7, Casper, Wyo.; Margaret Belote, Age 12, Troop 3, Winnetka, Ill.; Martha Biggerstaff, Age 13, Troop 2, Wabash, Ind.; Georgia Jo Burns, Age 10, Troop 1, Harveyville, Kas.; Lucile R. French, Age 12, Troop 1, Westminster, Mass.; Beth Haffner, Age 15, Troop 1, San Diego, Calif.; Catherine Kemp, Age 14, Troop 14, St. Paul, Minn.; Mary A. McCanany, Age 14, Troop 20, Milwaukee, Wis.; Kathleen McCoy, Age 14. Troop 10, Casper, Wyo.; Chevies Ross, Age 15, Troop 2, Sulphur Springs, Tex. Margaret Yeatman, Age 11, Troop 1, Avondale, Pa. All were excellent.

Margaret Laird Saxton, wife of John Saxton, who in 1815 crossed the Alleghenies in a covered wagon. She is a Pioneer mentioned by Rosemary Saxton of Canton, Ohio. who won second place in our "American Girl" Pioneer Contest

My Own Pioneer (First Prize)

From My Own Family

By DONNA ELIZABETH GILL

Age 14, Troop 1, Lebanon, Oregon

"My Own Pioneers" would be a better subject for me to write about because I am a fourth generation descendant of Oregon pioneers who crossed the plains in covered wagons drawn by ox teams.

I could tell of great-great grandfather Redman who built his home on the Willamette River and who, during the memorable flood of 1861, lost all his stock and had to tear down his house and build a raft upon which to carry his family to safety; or I might tell of my great-grandfather Calavan who came with an emigrant train from Missouri in 1847, and who, after settling on his donation land claim, died, leaving a wife with several children to battle their way in this new country. I have often heard stories of great-grandfather Carey who was a great favorite in the army because of the jolly songs he sang to cheer his comrades when in camp. I have often talked to my grandfather Gill who crossed the plain in 1862 and was wounded in the arm by an arrow in an engagement with the Indians. Of him you will hear more because he married the heroine of my story, Nancy Elizabeth Howell.

As she is the one I have chosen for "My Own Pioneer", I am going to give you the story as she told it to the Eagle and Red Fox Patrols as we sat around the fireside one evening after our Girl Scout meeting. She had been an interested visitor and was greatly pleased with our Girl Scout organization. We begged for an Indian story and this is what she told us:

"I will first tell the story of my family's early settlement in Oregon. Grandfather Howell came in 1843 in the first emigrant train to the Oregon country and settled near Salem on a prairie which now bears his name. He and his family left a comfortable home in Tennessee to build a home in a wild unsettled territory. Grandfather Howell, who had a great love for books insisted on bringing his bookcase, and grandmother could not bear to leave her fine old bureau, so with a much over-loaded wagon they began the long, dangerous journey into the "Unknown West." After a few weeks it became apparent that the load was too heavy and that the oxen must be relieved of part of their burden. After a spirited family quarrel in which the wife, as usual, was victor, grandfather was forced to part with his beloved book case. In a few more days, however, grandmother saw the last of her beautiful old bureau. My father, who was a young man at that time, has often told me of this incident which is now a family tradition.

"Soon after reaching Oregon father married Sally Ann Claypool and I was born and raised on the Howell prairie where I went to school in a typical western school house. This school had a shelf running around the room which served us as desks. We sat on benches facing the desks with our backs toward the center of the room, then as it came our turn to recite we changed our position, thrusting our feet through the crack between the seat and the back of the bench. If the recitation was satisfactory, all was well; if not, the punishment was sometimes more severe than that received by the children of today.

"When I grew up, I married Matthew C. Gill who was an enterprising young blacksmith. Blacksmith shops were as numerous in those days as garages are now, for horses must be kept well shod, and wagons and farm implements repaired. My husband hammered out dog irons, tongs and shovels and sold them to settlers. This was a very profitable branch of his business, since few people owned stoves for heating purposes and these implements were much in demand for the roughhewn stone fireplaces found in most homes.

"The Indians from different tribes often visited us, for nearby were the Yamhill, Chemawa, Yaquina, Alsea, and Multonomah tribes that we always feared. One day word came that the Indians were on the war-path. I was very uneasy and went to bed wondering if our home would be burned and if we would be massacred before morning. Waking from a troubled sleep I crept to the door, expecting to gaze into the face of some cruel warrior. Looking out upon a calm night had a quieting effect, and I had almost regained my self-composure, when to my horror I saw a dark form top the ridge a few hundred yards from the house. Another and another followed, moving stealthily toward our cabin. For a moment I was paralyzed with fear; then as they kept coming I screamed wildly to my sleeping husband. 'The Indians are coming!' He hurried to my side and gazed intently into the night. Then with

a quiet laugh he said, 'My dear, those are cattle', and a loud moo confirmed his statement."

As my grandmother finished this tale all the girls leaned back in their chairs; some sighed with relief, others with pardonable disappointment that it was not a real Indian story. We all agreed however that those would have been the days of real sport for Oregon Girl Scouts.

Pioneer Days (First Prize)

From a Friend

By MARIAN PETERSON
Age 13, Troop 12, Casper, Wyoming

The other day, while talking to a friend I got some information about her early life. She has been in Wyoming over fifty years. When she came to Casper she was about thirty-five years of age. Here is the story she told:

In my youth I lived in Rhode Island. Father took a notion to move to Wyoming, so we packed and started. We traveled as fast as possible, and were on the road nearly six months.

When we were passing through the southern part of South Dakota mother took sick and died. Father dug a hole and we wrapped mother in a sheet. We put her in the hole and then said a prayer.

Father and I came on across the border into Wyoming. We put our wagon in a gully and then went to bed. When getting up in the morning there was a whiz in the air and father fell dead. I was left alone in the world, surrounded by Indians. I fainted from fright and hunger.

When I awoke I was being carried very gently by two Indians. I tried to free myself but it was useless. They carried me on and on until we came in sight of some mud houses.

An old Indian squaw came to help me. I told her I was all right but she knew there was something wrong. After a few days they discovered that I had scarlet fever. The old squaw fixed me some kind of medicine, and in six weeks I was well.

My clothes were all gone, so the old squaw gave me one of her dresses, which was about fifty inches too big around. Winter came and I was getting used to the ways of the Indians. I learned to shoot and I knew every flower and tree. The Indians called me *White Lily*. The reason I got this name was because ever since my parents died, my color had never come back.

Five years passed, and I had seen no white person.

One day when I was taking a walk, a wagon came around the turn in the road. The man came up and bowed. He asked me what I might be doing in the wilds of Wyoming. He also asked if he could walk with me. We went for a long walk. Day after day he came to see me. Then came the day when he asked me to be his wife. I consented with great happiness.

Seated, on the right, is Mrs. William McKinley, wife of the twenty-fifth President of the United States and formerly Ida Saxton. Rosemary Saxton contributed this picture

There wasn't a church within miles, but an old Indian said a prayer for us. We thought that would do until we got to a minister.

Tom, my husband, took me to Laramie. We made a house of old trees. We were happy for forty years. Then my husband, whom I would have given my life for, died. In my forty years with Tom we moved to Riverton, then to Casper. All of the neighbors we had were eighteen miles from us.

Here in Wyoming I have been for fifty years. I was here before any house was built, but now look at Casper! Many a sorrowful sight have I seen. I am seventy-six next month and expect to live only a few months longer. God has shown me a true life and a hard one.

A Pioneer Story (Second Prize)

From My Own Family

By ROSEMARY SAXTON
Age 12, Troop 7, Canton, Ohio

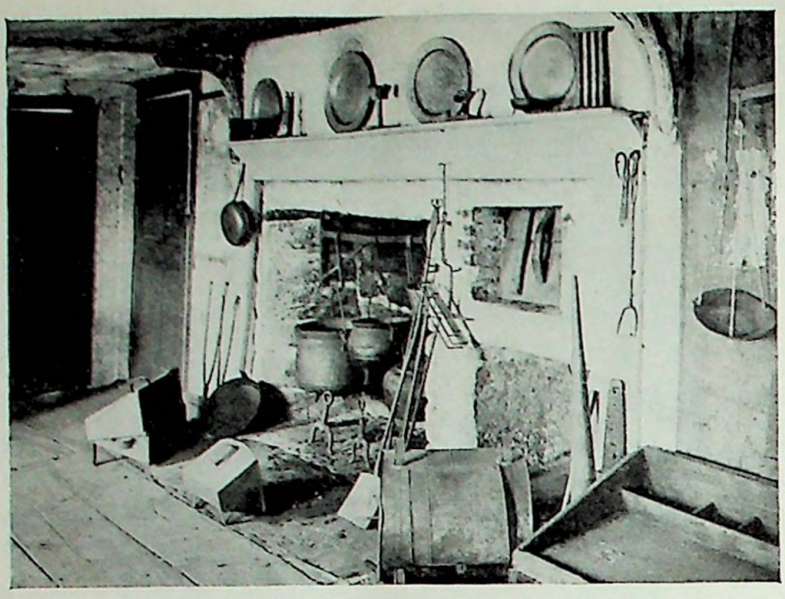
Nestling on the eastern side of the Allegheny Mountains in southern Pennsylvania is the little hamlet of Huntingdon. Nearly a century and a half ago, a small band of people crossed the boundary line from Maryland, and settled as the pioneers of the little community. Among this group were a young man, George Saxton, who had but recently returned from fighting in the Revolution, and his wife and their four children. They had come from England at the outbreak of the war, and had settled temporarily in Fredericktown, Maryland. However, since the colonies had become the United States of America, the family had ventured further west.

After several years their son, James, married a young woman named Hannah Ashbaugh, and in September, 1792, a son, John, was born to James and Hannah Saxton. Three months later, Jacob and Jane Laird, who also lived in Huntingdon, had a daughter whom they named Margaret. These two children grew up together through girlhood and boyhood, and the natural climax for the colorful romance of their late teens united the two families whose friendship had started during the Revolution. There was much preparation and planning for the eventful time, as a marriage was not common in the small village. After the ceremony, which took place in the little village church, it became known that the bride and bridegroom would not live in Huntingdon but would cross the mountains to live in Ohio.

Amidst tears and sad farewells, the couple, in company with several other families, started in midsummer to cross the Alleghenies in their covered wagons. Their courage and their hopes were high.

The journey was tiresome and tedious. The men walked or rode horseback while the women drove the wagons. At the beginning of the second week they came to the Alle-

gheny River. To avoid a longer trip they decided to ford it, the horses and men going across first in safety. But the first wagon struck a rock near the shore of the river, and it was with great difficulty that the horses drew it to safety. The party were forced to put up camp for several days until repairs could be made. Unfortunately the men were forced to go several miles from camp before they found game, but as two of their number had remained behind to protect the womenfolk, they felt safe in making camp along a deer run which they found. After all were asleep and the camp-fire had been extinguished, one of the party was awakened by the dismal howl of wolves, and he realized there was no safety except in flight. He awakened his companions, and the horses, which were near at hand, were quickly saddled and mounted. It soon became a ride for life, but after they had reached an opening in the woods, they knew the river was near at hand and in ten minutes more they would be safe. The pack was gaining swiftly, and suddenly a huge black wolf sprang at the flank of one of the horses. This caused it to stumble, and the rider was thrown over its head into the very midst of the excited animals. One of his companions, with remarkable presence of mind, wheeled his horse about and commenced uttering a series of yells and screeches, even more weird than those uttered by the furious beasts themselves. They were momentarily checked. The unfortunate rider quickly remounted and the river was reached before the wolves recovered from their astonishment.



A glimpse into the kitchen of the old Thomas Lee House, South Lyme, Conn. Ethel Mac Dougall, Troop 1, Niantic, Conn., sent this picture to us

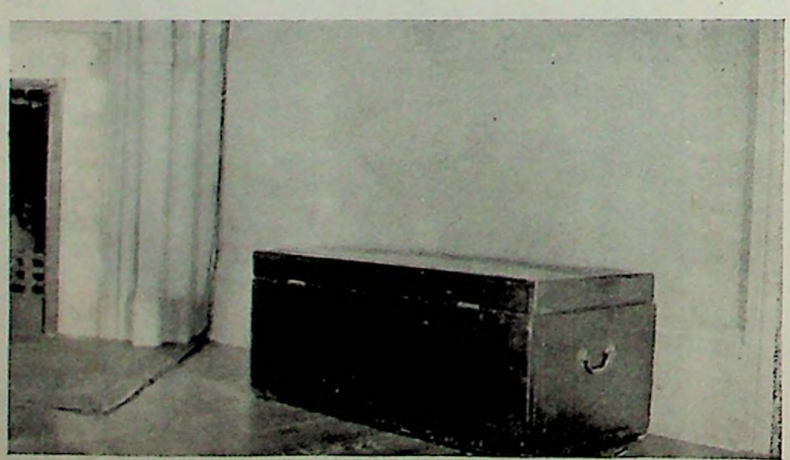
The remainder of the journey was uneventful, and two weeks later the weary travelers crossed into Ohio and decided to make their home in the little settlement of Canton. This was a community of but ten years standing and was little more than a clearing in the woods.

The hospitable neighbors gave the newcomers their lodging and meals until they could become established. As soon as he was well settled, John Saxton purchased a printing press and established the *Ohio Repository*, one of the five original newspapers in Ohio and one which is still in existence today, one hundred and ten years later.

After a year had passed, a baby boy was born to John and Margaret Saxton, and this boy, James, was destined to become the father of the "first lady in the land," Ida Saxton, who later married William McKinley. In all, John Saxton had eight children, the seventh one, Joseph Saxton, being my grandfather.

John Saxton was a man of devout Christian faith and a constant attendant at church. On cold winter days, the family took with them to church a small stove or foot-warmer which was filled with live charcoals to keep them warm in the little unheated meeting house. Each family carried one of these, and the fumes of many live coals filled the church.

This period of Canton's history was the favorite topic of conversation for a great-uncle of mine, who died recently at the age of ninety-six. We loved to hear him tell the following incident concerning my great-grandfather. "It was necessary, when he made a journey to Cleveland, for his wife to be alone for a week or more. On the second or third day of one of these journeys, great-great-grandmother was baking bread in her Dutch oven when the door of the log cabin in which they lived, was pushed open by a lean dog that entered, followed by two swarthy Indians. She was greatly alarmed as she thought they meant to harm her, but when they demanded only food, she quickly prepared them a meal, which they ate ravenously and, in addition, the fresh baking of bread just out of the oven. They left as quickly as they had come but when the next day, the door again opened and the dog entered, she expected another demand would be made upon her larder. When the Indians failed to appear, she ventured to look outside, and what was her surprise when she saw, instead of the redmen, two large deer that they had apparently left to repay her for her kindness the preceding day.



This is the old chest in which Dorothy Irene Blankenberg's great grandmother packed her clothes for a pioneer journey across Michigan. Dorothy is a Girl Scout, Age 10, Kalamazoo, Mich.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Next month, we shall have more of the prize pioneer stories, including that of Lillian Roth winner of the second prize in the "from a friend" group. We are pleased that Rosemary Saxton has mentioned the kindness of the Indians to her forefathers. We of today realize how much we owe the Indians. Their lovely legends and songs, their art, their handicrafts — all are an American heritage to be cherished today. Fortunate are the Girl Scouts who can see in museums records of Indian life.

Taking Up Tennis

How about that "serve" of yours? This month our Sports page brings you further suggestions on how to develop your tennis game

By MOLLA BJURSTEDT
National Champion 1915-1922

Molla Bjurstedt says, "Take up one stroke at a time; first learn the forehand drive, then the back drive"

HAVING learned the grip, you will be ready to take up the strokes of tennis. It will be tiresome to go along methodically when it seems so easy simply to plunge into a game but you cannot hope ever to play an acceptable game—a game which will give you even a decent amount of fun—unless you learn to handle yourself and your racquet. No one thinks of going into golf without instruction, but people imagine that tennis is inherent in them; correct tennis is inherent in no one—the correct swing and follow through of tennis is every whit as hard to acquire as the correct swing and follow through in golf.

Ask the best player you know to teach you. The teaching should not be in an actual game. You will not learn the strokes in a game. Get a supply of balls and have your instructor bounce them gently to you; hit the ball as it rises—just before it reaches the top of the bound.

Most players hit the ball as it descends; it is easier to hit it then, but you lose a deal of time in the return and give your opponent a chance to get into position. And if you do not learn to take the ball before the top of the bound when you first start to play you will never learn thereafter. I attribute much of my success in passing net players to the quickness of my returns; and the quickness is due solely to taking the ball before it has had time to descend.

If two players were absolutely equal in skill and generalship, but the one hit the ball before the top of the bound and the other after, the player who hit the rising ball would surely win. She would be so much faster in her returns that she would be bound to win.

Your practice should teach you how to swing your racquet and how to manage your body and feet. Once you have learned these elements you are ready to have balls tossed across the net to you to be hit back for direction.

Take up one stroke at a time; first learn the forehand drive and then the backhand drive. Do not bother with the service until you have a very definite idea of the drives and can execute them with a fair degree of freedom and accuracy.

A stroke in tennis is a blending of the whole weight and force of the body. The arm and the racquet are merely the means of communicating this force to the ball. You do not hit the ball with the strength of the arm: in a well-executed drive you will not use much of the arm. You will rather lean against the ball with your racquet. This stroke involves the right movement of the feet and of the body, as well as the true, firm swing and follow through of the racquet. It is the perfect coordination of these elements rather than brute strength which gives speed to a tennis ball.

These elementary principles must be learned before you start to play a game. If you start into competition too soon, you will forget the elements in the desire to win points; for it will take time to make correct form second nature, and in the hurry of the game you will try some slipshod stroke that seems good for the moment.

I cannot too strongly emphasize the grounding of the elements. Once you have the ideas of the stroke, you can gain much good practice hitting the ball against a smooth wall or fence. The late Anthony Wilding perfected all of his strokes alone; he would work for hours and days on the stroke, striking the ball against a wall. He was not a natural player; he acquired his form and skill solely through the hardest sort of practice. Another excellent feature of the wall practice is that it teaches keeping the eye on the ball.

Keep your eye on the ball! It is quite as important in tennis as in golf. No stroke can be well or accurately made unless you have your eye glued to the ball from the very moment it leaves the opponent's racquet. Many players fail miserably simply because they do not obey this principle. Unless you have your eye on the ball you will misjudge its flight and be caught off balance when you come to make the stroke.

Do not say, "Oh, bother, I'll pick up all these things as I go along." You will not pick them up unless you start with them as principles. You cannot build a game without a foundation any more than you can build a house without a foundation. You must have something to work on.

I have spoken of strokes and mentioned several kinds of strokes, but I have not yet described them. Strokes are divided broadly into ground strokes, in which the ball is hit after it has bounced, and volley strokes, where the ball is hit before it has touched the ground. These are again divided into forehand and backhand strokes. The forehand strokes are those hit on the right, while the backhand strokes are hit on the left of a right-handed player.

A "drive" is a ground stroke hit low over the net; it should have speed.

A "lob" is a ground stroke hit high into the air to bound in the back of the court; it may also be made on the volley, but it is rarely so made.

The "service" is the stroke which starts the ball into

(*Continued on page* 53)

FOREST NOTES

By GEORGE M. NEWELL

Decoration by Erick Berry

DID you ever feel so good that you could shout? Of course you have and you know how impossible it would have been to express yourself any other way on that particular occasion. But you can't always express yourself by shouting, can you? No indeed, because only certain emotions can be expressed in this manner. Now that's what we're coming to—different ways of expressing our emotions and thoughts. Sometimes just words are good enough for this, but not always. And that's where music comes in.

You'll have to admit that there are just heaps of feelings in us that could be told in no other way than by music. And singing is one of the best ways to give music a chance—especially for Girl Scouts. From hikes to evening camp-fire, nothing is so fitting as a good song.

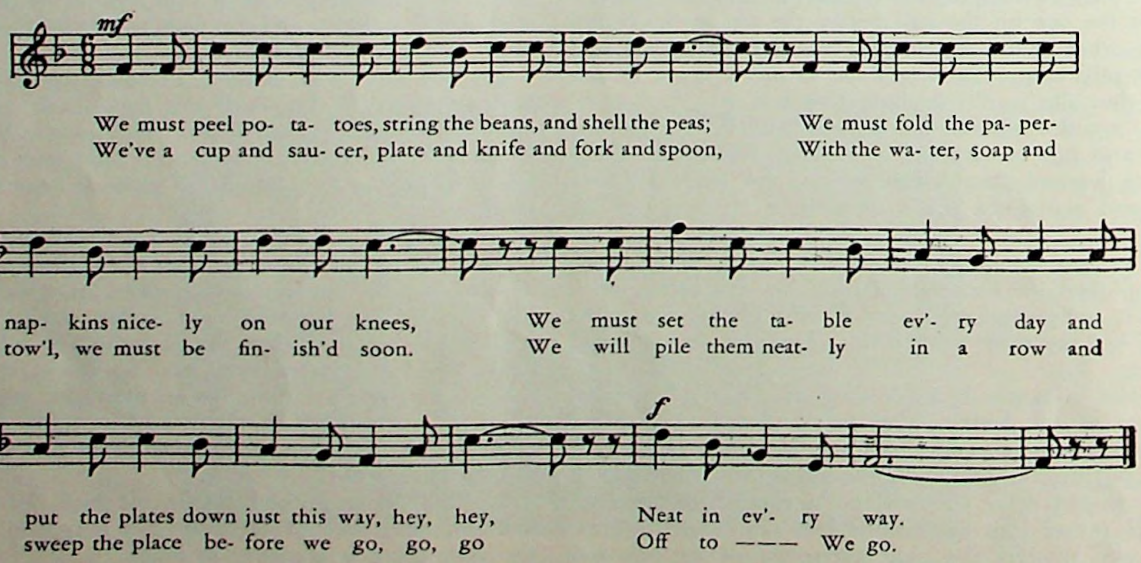
This brings us to the next point. What is a good song? Well, first let's look at the words. They should be the right words for the right tune and should be real, honest-to-goodness Girl Scout words. Now for the tune: just any old one won't do. In fact if I were looking for a tune to which some Girl Scout words were to be set, I think I should get an old folk song. A good English or French folk song would be mighty fine. They have been popular for generations. And any song that has come down for hundreds of years, has been sung by millions of people and is still popular, is a good tune for the Girl Scouts.

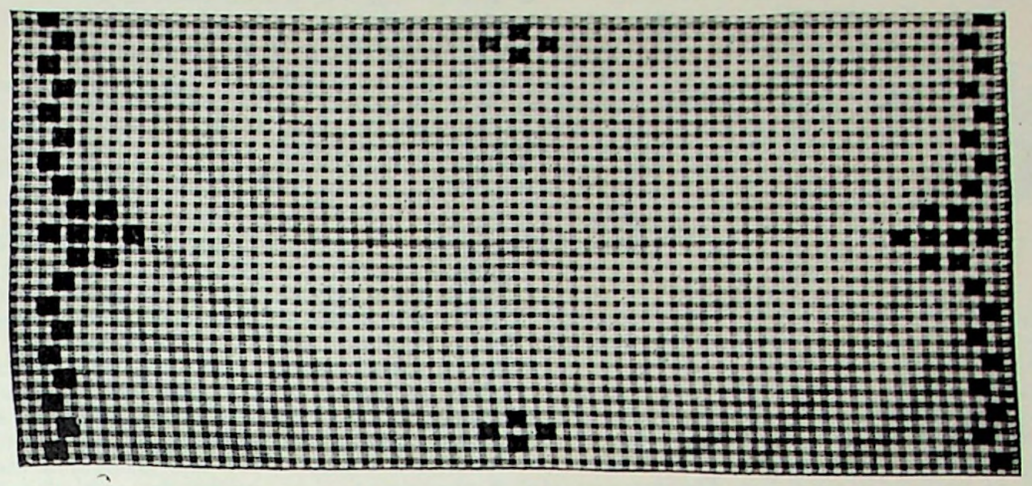
Too often Girl Scout words have been set to some tune that couldn't stand the test of time. So the song didn't last more than a few months. Be sure to set your words to a tune that is tried and true so that you won't spoil your words. Take no chances. Pick out a good folk song. There are all kinds, you know; slow and fast, marches and dances. Take a look at our Kamp Kapers song, on this page. See how well this French folk tune sets off Mrs. Edey's clever words. And we're going to have a contest. We want you Girl Scouts to send in words to fit a particular folk song which we will print in the July issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL. And for those of you who wish immediately to write original words to a folk tune I suggest the following good folk song collections:

1. Concord Series of Folk Songs (Different volumes—folk songs of all nations), published by E. C. Schirmer Co., Columbus Ave., Boston
2. English Folk Songs (several volumes), published by H. W. Gray Co., New York City.

Kamp Kapers

Words by Mrs. B. O. Edey — *Tune: French Folk Song*





This is the table-runner from which you may adapt your curtain design

What a Little Gingham Will Do

In your Girl Scout cabin, in your parents' summer bungalow, in your own room, you may have fresh, artistic curtains, table-runners, even napkins from gingham

By PATTEN BEARD

Photograph by the author

WHEN you are fixing up your own room for summer, or your Girl Scout cabin, don't forget checked gingham that costs but twelve to twenty-five cents a yard. In checked gingham you will find just the sort of curtains suited to your needs. And with the addition of a little painting and embroidering, you may have curtains designed similarly to the table-runner in the photograph.

You may buy any color of checked gingham that will fit into your color scheme—green and white, blue and white, or lavender, pink, or yellow. Any size of square may be used, although a square from a half inch to an inch in size is best for the painting in of the design. For blue curtains or red or yellow, you will scarcely need to mix the paint in order to get the right shade. But where you use a shade like lavender or some unusual coloring, you may need to mix the paint with another color in order to secure the shade of the darkest tone in the gingham that you use. Those of you who experimented with colors in the dyeing of "campaign scarfs," are already familiar with this process of combining colors. One small tin of paint will go a long way and you will probably have enough left over for other uses. After you have painted in your pattern, you will wish to outline it with some heavy twist, like colored silkateen. This comes in all shades and even country stores in remote places of summer camps carry it. Or, if you do not find washable silkateen, use any other washable embroidery cotton that will make an outline which is medium heavy. Before purchasing this silkateen or cotton, however, wait until your painting is completed. Then you will know just which shade will be most suitable for your purpose.

The work is simplicity itself. When you have carefully cut the gingham to the desired length, you will merely need to sew your curtains or table-runner or table-cover and small gingham napkins, hemming them evenly. Next, place the article to be decorated on heavy newspapers upon a large table so that it lies as flat as possible.

Now for the work upon the design. The picture of the small table-runner given will be a guide to you. The ends will give you a curtain pattern that may be repeated as you require it. This may also be used on a square pillow or table-cover, bureau scarf or gingham cover for a cot bed. To mark your design as a preliminary to painting it, best take a soft pencil and make a little cross on each square, working out the pattern in blocks as here shown.

If, however, you wish your own original design, experiment with your pencil marks upon any piece of gingham you may find in your mother's "piece box." When the pattern is marked out and each square you are to paint is clearly indicated with a pencil mark, you are ready to take your brush and start painting.

The brush best used for this purpose is a small-sized "decorator's bristle brush": what is called a finishing brush, cut down to half-inch length and made even. When the paint is on it, rub off the brush upon a newspaper until the paint on the brush's tip is worked well into the stiff short bristles. Try painting upon a "trial" piece until you are certain of your effect.

Remember when you start to work that you must *keep inside the square* to be colored. Take your brush and rub it back and forth into the goods, being careful always to keep inside each square and not to go over its edges. Then hang the goods up to dry, in some spot (attic or otherwise) where it may hang untouched, for a day. Next, paint any other strip that you have to do.

When the cloth is dry, buy your colored silkateen or washable embroidery cotton to match or harmonize with your painted squares. Take a big darning needle. Thread it. And proceed to outline each separate square you painted. You will quickly find that your squares now look exactly like appliqué.

In working the squares, take all the parallel lines right along. Do the cross lines afterward. This makes quick work, even outlines and no bother of turning corners.

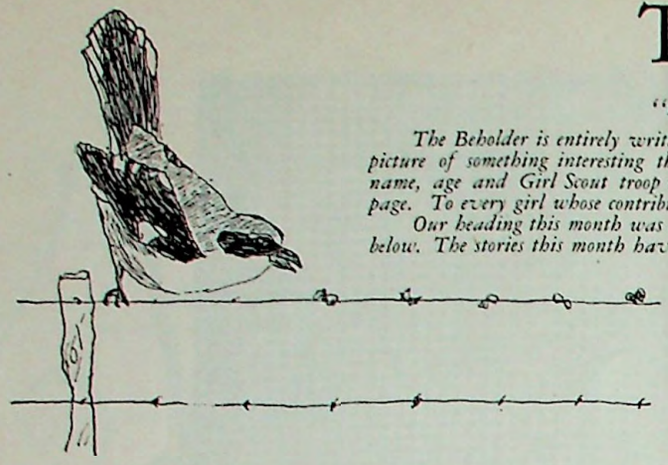
As you will see in the photograph, the short edge of a curtain or table-runner may be effectively finished by embroidering it with a blanket stitch: the long edges decorated by simply "running," with each of your stitches the length of one square, planned so that the dark stitch will appear on the right side against a lighter square.

The Beholder

"Beauty is in the eye of the Beholder"

The Beholder is entirely written and illustrated by the Girl Scouts who send in a description or a story or a picture of something interesting they have seen outdoors. Tell about it in no more than 275 words, giving your name, age and Girl Scout troop number. Girl Scout artists may draw in India ink headings of size to fit this page. To every girl whose contribution is accepted, the Beholder will award a book.

Our heading this month was drawn by Margaret McGinty, Troop 1, Neosho, Mo., to illustrate the first story below. The stories this month have been written by fourteen and fifteen-year-old Girl Scouts.



The Butcher Bird

IT was very hot and still that August morning as Mother and I were sitting in the yard. The only sound was the occasional "chip, chip, che-che-che" of a dickcissel in a bush not far away. We were watching a cloud of small, white butterflies that were fluttering about among the flowers, when suddenly there was a flash of grey and black, and a loggerhead shrike darted into their midst. Seizing a butterfly in his bill, he perched upon a barbed wire fence.

We watched intently, waiting for him to devour his prey. Imagine our surprise when instead he carefully impaled it upon a barb of the fence. Again he darted among the flowers, selected his second victim and impaled it on another barb. He repeated this performance until five butterflies decorated five barbs of the fence, and the others had all drifted away. Then as quickly as he had come, he flew back into the thick foliage.

We waited for perhaps half an hour for the shrike to come back and eat the meal he had prepared, but he did not return. Whether he was clever enough to catch the butterflies when he had the opportunity and was waiting until we were gone to eat them, or whether he killed for the love of killing, I do not know.

MARGARET MCGINTY,
Age 15, Troop 1, Neosho, Mo.

Strange Playmates

As I was riding by a farmhouse I happened to glance at a tall pole that was in the corner of a large yard. My attention was immediately attracted by the sight of a little squirrel that was sitting on the top of the pole, chattering saucily. Half way up the pole was a black and white cat which hung there seemingly undecided what it should do. Suddenly it flashed upward so swiftly that I was surprised, but the squirrel went down the other side still chattering rapidly. The cat was now at the top of the pole but did not seem satisfied. The squirrel advanced a few feet upward then scurried down again just escaping the darting paw. It was clear that the squirrel was daring the cat to try and catch him. Pussy was not reluctant but was awaiting a more favorable opportunity. There was a flash of black and white, a saucy squeak and the positions were again reversed. This strange game kept up for quite a while, Pussy chasing the squirrel up, down and around the pole. The cat was always the pursuer and the squirrel the pursued. The squirrel kept up a rapid fire of chatter punctuated by frequent flirts of the bushy tail. Pussy was mostly silent but now and then a "meow" would escape her. The last I saw of this queer pair was the squirrel again in possession of the top of the pole and, figuratively speaking, making faces at the cat which gazed at it with head cocked on one side.

ESTHER NELSON
Age 14, Troop 1, Plattsburg, N. Y.

Romeo and Juliet

It happened one morning when I had started to climb the Verdant Hill, my Hill of Fantasies, to await the sunrise, "that golden hour studded with sixty diamond minutes." In the most rapturous of moods, I stopped to watch the Fairy Brook dash off an accompaniment for the chorus of birds.

The brook flowed on in a glad, glad way,
Smiling at the rock's rebuff,
"I have no room," it said, "for gloom;
I laugh when the road is rough!"

In the midst of my musings, a loud clear call, "Tow-hee-e-e, tow-hee-e-e, tow-hee-e-e," attracted my attention and I cautiously turned in the direction of the familiar notes. I found my old friend, Mr. Chewink, clad in his shining new black frock coat and neat white shirt, obscured in the sheltering green of a nearby bush.

What Helen Stubbs, age 14, Jonquil Troop, Colorado Springs, Colo. saw at the Royal Gorge of Colorado

Spring time is wooing time and certainly this Towhee was no exception for he was paying homage to a modest, brown-eyed young maiden. From afar came her notes, which were tremulously answered by her suitor. I was most curious to see the future Mrs. Towhee, and consequently I, as noiselessly as possible, traced her carol. The conversation continued, however, and the neighborly, tell-taling brook even babbled a love song. I found her shortly but lo and behold! instead of seeing a demure female towhee, I found a mischievous catbird, nervously twitching around on the twig of a newly greened shrub! His throat quivered and then he distinctly chirped, "Tow-hee-e-e, towhee-e-e, towhee-e-e." I was amazed but I dared not move for fear of frightening the bird. I listened attentively and I heard Mr. Towhee whistle his shrill, "Chewink." The catbird responded and moved away in the direction of the deceived lovemaker.

ROSE WYLER,
Age 15, Troop 3, West Hoboken, N. J.

A Clever Little Animal

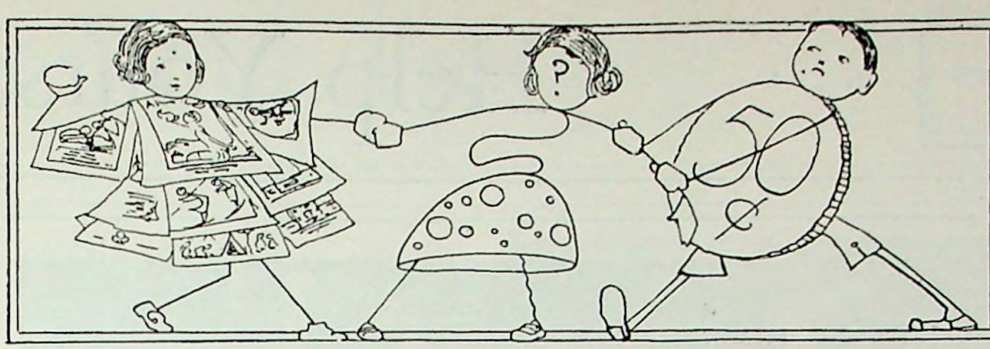
One day our family decided to spend the week-end at our cabin on the shore of a small lake. We packed our supplies and started off. When we arrived, we transfered our belongings from the automobile to the cabin. (I declare, if any one had seen us, they might have termed us a "baggage train"). The weather was a bit chilly so Daddy thought he'd build a fire in the stove.

As he was stirring up the ashes with a stick, he noticed something queer and called us over to examine it. There in the corner of the stove was a mass of white shreds, looking as though they had been cut by scissors.

A sudden thought struck Daddy. "A mouse!" he said.

Yes, that must have been what it was. We investigated the cabin and found that on a stool on the other side of the cabin there were some paper napkins we had left. The mouse had torn them into shreds and had made himself a cozy little nest where he could keep warm. The paper was cut so neatly that at first we couldn't believe it was done by anything but scissors. This little mouse had climbed into the stove through the slats in the draught-door. We thought it was very interesting to see how a small animal could do such a marvelous piece of work.

ELIZABETH COLLINS,
Age 15, Troop 6, Duluth, Minn.



Fifty-Fifty

An "American Girl" stunt

This AMERICAN GIRL *Stunt, like Hungarian goulash, must be "seasoned to suit". Changes which make it more adaptable to your particular camp-fire are urged. The costumes may be reconceived, the caste may be increased or diminished, the conversation may be rewritten in accordance with individual taste—we give you a wide rope. The only thing we absolutely insist upon is that Justa Scout joyfully exchange little Fifty for* THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Caste

FIFTY-CENT PIECE. (*A large round placard, silver if possible, hangs around his neck and covers his chest.*)

THE AMERICAN GIRL. (*A motley array of magazine covers comprises her costume.*)

JUSTA SCOUT. (*Justa wears her usual camp uniform.*)

ADVENTURE. (*Anything romantic-looking like a rakish hat, a black velvet coat, a voluminous cape, or queer weapon, may be used here. Ingenuity.*)

GIRL SCOUT NEWS. (*A business-like costume, as if for a reporter, perhaps with glasses, a pencil, a notebook and a kodak, may be rigged up for Girl Scout News.*)

FUN. (*Any get-up, from an elaborate fool's costume with bells, to a simple paper dunce-cap worn with an ordinary dress, will be appropriate.*)

BEAUTY. (*All the camp artists may concoct a costume for this lovely lady. Perhaps it will be on flowing lines—perhaps it will be a rich blue in color—we leave all that to the camp artists.*)

The Stunt Itself

FIFTY-CENT PIECE *and* THE AMERICAN GIRL *enter arguing, and plop down upon two stage chairs. Fifty's voice is shrill;* THE AMERICAN GIRL'S *is sweet and controlled.*)

FIFTY-CENT PIECE: *You're wrong*—all wrong. Any Girl Scout in the United States would rather own me than you. I can make the nicest, jingly noises in a Girl Scout's pocket.

THE AMERICAN GIRL (*scornfully*): What's a jingly noise? I can bring a girl countless hours of delight.

F. P.: What do you mean—hours of delight? You can't give her candy and movies and nice nick-nacks like, say, a new tie—now can you, Smarty?

A. G.: No-o. But your chocolates nd caramels are soon eaten up. Your movies, even those that aren't cheap and unlife-like, last only an hour or so. And a new tie is—well, only a bit of colored ribbon, at most.

F. P. (*sneering*): *What can you offer?*

A. G.: All that the heart of a girl could long for.

F. P.: Indeed! Isn't that laying it on pretty thick?

A. G.: No, Fifty, that's soft-pedalling the facts of the case. If you don't believe it, I'll prove it to you.

F. P.: So, Stubborn, you still think that a Girl Scout would prefer you to me? All right, let's put it to the proof. I'm not scared of a little competition. My owner, Justa Scout, is in the next room. Let's put the proposition up to her and ask her to decide—Justa!

JUSTA SCOUT (*entering with a question-mark face*): Did you call me, Fifty? I thought I heard a jingly sound.

F. P.: Sure thing, Justa. I want to ask you some questions. You're fond of me, aren't you?

J. S.: Naturally, Fifty. You and your brothers don't grow on every cherry tree.

F. P.: Exactly. And you wouldn't exchange me for anything, would you, Justa?

J. S.: Certainly not. Unless, of course, it were very wonderful.

A. G. (*eagerly*): But I am very wonderful.

J. S. (*noticing* THE AMERICAN GIRL *for the first time*): Why, who on earth are you?

F. P.: Pardon me, I meant to introduce you. Justa Scout, this is THE AMERICAN GIRL. My owner, Justa Scout.

J. S. (*nodding*): Haven't we met before? Your face looks vaguely familiar. Oh, yes, I saw you once long ago—on a — library table.

A. G.: But I've changed heaps since then — sort of grown up, you know. Perhaps you'd like me better now.

F. P. (*superior*): But not as well as she likes me!

J. S. (*surprised*): Why, Fifty, what a strange remark. So uncalled for! I don't have to choose between you, do I?

F. P.: That's exactly what you must do, Justa.

A. G.: You must decide which one of us you would rather have.

J. S. (*flabbergasted*): Good gracious! But how can I choose? I know what Fifty can bring me—candy and movies and nicknacks—but I'm blessed if I know what you can bring. That first time I met you is all hazy in my mind—and besides, you say you've grown so much.

A. G. (*with eyes a-shine*): Then won't you let me show you all the thrilling parts of me?

J. S.: Surely. Trot them on! Stand back, Fifty.

A. G.: Well, first of all, there's Adventure. (*Adventure glides across the stage, peering this way and that, mysteriously.*) He runs through all my stories on fantastic feet. He is the companion of *Lucky Penny* in Edith Ballinger Price's serial; he scuttles along with Augusta Huiell Seaman's mystery stories, and he sports in a merry mood on my Puzzle-Pack page. The trail he leaves through me is marked by weird signs, buried treasure, and cries in the darkness—

J. S.: Oh, I love Adventure!

A. G.: But you'll love Girl Scout News, too. (*Girl Scout News strides briskly across the stage, polishing glasses or scribbling memoranda — and smiling.*) She tells you the most fascinating things Girl Scouts are doing—clever games and the yummiest outdoor cooking recipes and ideas for "cute" masquerade costumes. And she reports all the worthwhile things done by Girl Scouts in camp and out of camp and she sends in the most adorable pictures of everybody in camp and out of camp.

J. S.: How fascinating! Why, nothing could be more interesting than Girl Scout News!

A. G.: Except Fun! (*Fun prances lightly across the stage, giggling.*) She is always popping up unexpectedly and spreading laughter from cover to cover.

J. S.: I'd love to laugh with—in fact, I can't imagine anything jollier than—

A. G.: Just a moment. There's one more, the loveliest of all. Beauty. (*Beauty crosses the stage softly.*) She appears on the very first page in an enchanting poem and an enchanting picture. She shows her lovely face in a description of the autumn woods or in a fine wood-cut or in a bit of camp wisdom. In the magazine, as in life, the world is far finer for the fragrance of Beauty.

J. S. (*marveling*): Beauty, too? Do you mean to say that, besides Adventure and Girl Scout News and Fun, you can

(*Cont. on page* 47)

Entered as the latest Girl Scout news in THE AMERICAN GIRL

Help Yourself

Published each month

Pioneer Day

In your camp

WHY not plan now for a Pioneer Day in your camp? There is much that you can do for it. If there is an old trail nearby, follow it, with stories at the end about the pioneers who first made it. At camp-fire time, have the campers tell about their own pioneers, just as they did in THE AMERICAN GIRL Pioneer Contest.

A Cover Come to Life

Do you remember last November's AMERICAN GIRL cover, the girl with the glasses of cranberry jelly? If you do not, glance below and refresh your memory. When the Girl Scouts of Troop 4, Bridgewater, Mass., saw it, they had an idea! "Why not," said they, "take orders for cranberry jelly for Thanksgiving dinner?" Their Captain, Mrs. C. B. Fuller, approved of the plan. And this is what happened then, told in a letter from Mrs. Fuller. "We got the idea from the cover of the November AMERICAN GIRL. The Woman's Club allowed us to sell the jelly after one of their meetings and we made enough to pay for reregistering our troop of thirty girls and four officers."

When the Editor of THE AMERICAN GIRL heard about what Troop 4 of Bridgewater had done, she asked the Captain to have a picture taken with two of the girls posing as the cover. Here is the picture, generously donated to the magazine by the troop. Don't you agree that it proves a Girl Scout is *observing?*

This was our November "American Girl" cover

Two girls of Troop 4, Bridgewater, Mass., posing as the cover

At the "American Girl" party of Troop 2, Downers Grove, Ill., Miss Grace Moore, Captain

Scribes' Chatter

For over a year now we have been treasuring every picture and letter which has come in telling how Girl Scouts use THE AMERICAN GIRL, because we knew that some day we would wish to have many of them on some AMERICAN GIRL pages of THE AMERICAN GIRL. These are those pages, and here and on our picture spread are the pictures, some taken especially for this month as you can see. There are many interesting stories connected with the pictures. The picture just above of Troop 2, Downer's Grove, Ill., Captain, Miss Grace Moore, was taken at an AMERICAN GIRL meeting of the troop. In the following letter, Miss Moore tells how the troop uses the magazine. "The first Monday in each month after the month's issue of the magazine arrives, is always AMERICAN GIRL Day in our troop. All unique activities of other troops are eagerly perused and discussed, and frequently we adopt them for use in our later troop programs. For example, after learning how various Girl Scouts made posters so attractively, our girls decided to begin at once to make posters to be used next fall during Girl Scout week. Each girl pledged herself to make at least one, and when Girl Scout week comes next, we are to be well fortified with posters for display. The plea for Girl Scout songs spurred the girls on to make up troop and patrol songs and yells for our coming banquet. Some of the girls have been particularly delighted with Your Own Room page and mothers say they are alive with ideas for spring decorations, etc. Our older girls are particularly thrilled about 'The Beholder'. After reading articles by Girl Scouts no older than they, they say, 'Why I believe I can do that, too'.

"Now, our AMERICAN GIRL Party. It was our own idea. It started off with the singing of Girl Scout songs. Then we divided up into groups and each group played a charade to represent some phase of THE AMERICAN GIRL covers and dramatized them: Skiing, dish-washing, caroling, etc. Second, each group enacted a Girl Scout law. Third, each group represented a department of the

(*Continued on page* 54)

for Your Troop

Forecast: Many get-acquainted subscriptions will arrive for THE AMERICAN GIRL

Vol. 1 No. 6

"The American Girl" Goes Hiking

It is the most interesting thing in the world to be an editor—and receive all kinds of letters every day. For you never can tell what kind you will receive and every once in a while, in comes one that is a complete surprise. Such a letter was this one from Mrs. E. J. P. Fisher, a Girl Scout Captain of Wallingford, Conn. But before you read it, glance at the picture at the bottom of this column. Yes, these boys *are* reading a story in THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Mrs. Fisher describes the incident in her letter. "Dear Editor: Enclosed is a picture which may interest you. Each all-day hike that Troop No. 1 takes is always chaperoned by the latest copy of THE AMERICAN GIRL, when the girls take turns reading in groups or singly. This particular hike was so attractive that four Boy Scouts, whose troop is affiliated with the same church as ours, asked to come along and cook kabob, too. Later in the day, one girl hunted for the magazine, and where do you think it was? Those Boy Scouts had seen it and here they are, eagerly reading it. When a girls' magazine all unsolicited draws the interest of two lively First Class Boy Scouts, it must be some magazine! Incidentally, my husband, who is Assistant Scoutmaster, looks forward to its arrival monthly as eagerly as I do. Mrs E. J. P. Fisher."

Our "Trick Cards"

They are the cleverest things—orange-y cards to fold along a triangle, in which fits a fifty cent piece, as snugly as you please. Send for as many as you like. Distribute them to your friends for those 50 cents for 5 months Get-Acquainted subscriptions.

Two Wallingford, Conn., Boy Scouts eagerly reading THE AMERICAN GIRL

This camp bulletin board in the Muskogee, Okla., Girl Scout camp is made of deer hide laced to the poles with narrow strips of leather and fastened with wooden pegs. Find "The American Girl" cover!

Good Stories for Story-Telling

Oleda Schrottky, who is a frequent camp visitor, has received many letters from Girl Scouts who request lists of "good stories to tell around the camp-fire at camp." Miss Schrottky says the best way to have a good story for the camp-fire program is to go to camp with a book of such stories which you can use. She has prepared the following list for girls who wish to tell stories at camp this summer. Incidentally, this list is equally good for those Girl Scouts who enjoy telling stories at troop meetings or during play hours on play grounds or in day nurseries. Better keep it for future reference.

1. *Educating by Story-Telling* by Cather. (World Book Company, Publishers, 313 Park Hill Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.) In this book, I especially recommend "The Pigeons of Venice" and "The Greedy Cobbler".
2. *Myths of California and the Old Southwest* by Judson. (A. C. McClurg Co., Publishers, Chicago, Ill). In this book, I especially recommend "Why the Grizzly goes on all Fours".
3. *Why the Cow Jumped over the Moon.* (Published by the Philadelphia Dairy Council, 1122 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Sent upon request to the publisher.)
4. *Good Stories for Great Holidays.* (Published by Houghton Mifflin Co., 16 East 40th Street, New York city.) In this I especially recommend "The Stream that Ran Away."

(*Continued on page* 38)

Louise Price Says:

"Do tell me!"

Do our Girl Scout campers like to cook for themselves? People often ask me that and I do wish you would write me what you think about it. Is it fun to cook? Can you cook over an outdoor fire well enough to enjoy it? What is your most successful outdoor recipe? Send me your favorite, arranged in quantities sufficient for a patrol of eight. We shall publish the best here in THE AMERICAN GIRL. Before sending the recipe in, be sure to try it out once more, so that you may write down the correct quantities needed for eight and to make sure that you have forgotten nothing. "Captain's best" or "Father's favorite" in the open will be welcome. Send your recipes to me at National Headquarters, 670 Lexington Ave., New York City.

From the many outdoor recipes which I have seen Girl Scouts successfully try, I have selected the following. Try them, then let me know how you succeeded. The amounts indicated are for groups of eight.

BAKED EGGS

8 eggs
8 slices of bread
¼ lb cheese

Toast bread, lay on a flat stone or tin, and cut out an oval nest for egg. Sprinkle pieces of toast with cheese.

Drop egg into slice of bread and bake by reflected heat. Sprinkle with grated cheese.

HOE CAKE

2 cups corn meal
1 tsp. salt

(*Continued on page* 38)

The Convention Puzzle

This month Puzzle Jack is taking the Girl Scout Convention in Boston as his puzzle subject. Here he is explaining to Puzzled Jill that as Boston has been nicknamed "The Hub", he has made his puzzle in the form of a wheel.

The letters on the spokes should read in towards the hub and will make complete words when the spaces on the rim are filled in as well as the hub, where a single letter will do for the end of all the words. The letters on the rim will make familiar words to you and the letter on the hub has a significant meaning in Boston's history.

The names of a famous patriot and a well known Boston landmark are represented in anagram form in the two smaller pictures. Just twist the letters around in proper order. Also see if you can find the bean-pot hidden in this picture.

A Girl Scout Puzzle

By Ethel Dubinsky

Troop 105, Brooklyn, N. Y.

By adding one letter at the beginning of each of the following words seven new words will be formed. The seven added words will spell something every Girl Scout should be.

Eel. At. Bout. Able. Ore. Are. Ear.

A Timely Riddle

Now that the Girl Scouts' Convention has assembled and they are all in their places it may be well to ask in what place are two heads better than one?

Puzzle Jack's Word Square

By M. Celia Aiken

Troop 15, Baltimore, Md.

From the following definitions build a construction of four-letter word squares.

UPPER LEFT

Deceased
Comfort
A continent
Beloved

UPPER RIGHT

A head workman
A sign
Half
To cut

CENTER

Baseball term
One
A river in Egypt
A pace

LOWER LEFT

Points
Worshiped image
An attitude
A winter toy

LOWER RIGHT

Favorites
To gain by labor
Three united
A vulgar upstart

A Revolutionary Charade

My first in jog is not in run.
My next in shot is not in gun.
My third in win is not in lose.
My fourth is choice and also choose.
My fifth in ships is not in goal.
A naval hero is my whole.

Word Jumping

By changing one letter at a time change BEANS into SCOUT in nine moves.

A Word Diamond

Fill the blank spaces with a word meaning a Girl Scout who loves her country, so that the other letters will make a true word reading both ways.

Answers to May Puzzles

The Radio Puzzle: 1. Michigan, 2. New Mexico, 3. Oregon, 4. Nebraska, 5. Alabama, 6. Arkansas, 7. South Dakota, 8. Arizona, Puzzle on board: *New York* and *Chicago*: 1. Neck, 2. Echo, 3. Whip, 4. Y.W.C.A., 5. Opal, 6. Rugs, 7. Knot. The Girl Scout is concealed in the bushes in back of the board.

Precious Stone Puzzle: 1. Discard, 2. Pilgrim, 3. Granary, 4. Siamese, 5. Geology, 6. Enchant, 7. Discord.

Word Jumping: Tune, Tine, Tile, Till, Dill, Dial.

A Radio Rebus: W. B. J. (Double you, bee, jay).

A Riddle: Fly-Paper.

Puzzle Jack's Word Square.

Lucky Penny

(*Continued from page* 8)

over this house!" reported Matilda.

The unconscious revelation of Matilda's housekeeping methods amused Penny, but she agreed gravely that May was indeed a good sleeper. No sleep for her, however, when she went forth in the gaily colored go-cart. Nothing escaped her, and her only regret seemed to be that her head was not on a pivot so that she could turn it round and round and see everything at once. She bounded with forceful energy against the strap of her carriage, waved her arm at the passers-by, shouted, "Kuck-kuck!" at the dogs, and "Mo!" at the ducks, with charming disregard for what they really said.

On one of these excursions Penny and May and the go-cart passed a little house that was set near the street in a rather bare, weedy grass-plot. From an open window a small, lonely face looked out, but on seeing Penny the face lighted with an instant smile, and a hand was waved in greeting. Almost at once, as an afterthought, the other hand was raised with two fingers to the forehead, in the Brownie salute. Penny returned this briskly, and said:

"What cheer, Lisbeth?"

For answer, the hands beckoned pleadingly, so Penny turned the go-cart in at the gate, bundled May under her arm and went in. Lisbeth was a private venture of Penny's, just as May was a private venture. When Lisbeth was no bigger than May herself, infantile paralysis had put an end to her little beginnings at walking, and most of her seven and a half years had been spent sitting by the window watching other people walk. Her mother had very little time to give her, for she was busy and weary all day, typewriting manuscripts that authors sent her, trying to earn enough money to keep the shabby little house now that Lisbeth's father was dead. Penny had begun thinking about that lonely small face at the window, and the more she thought, the more she wanted to turn Lisbeth into a Brownie. Besides everything else she did, Penny was Packleader in the Brownie Pack, and though she wasn't at all sure that Lisbeth could come to meetings, she thought perhaps it wouldn't be quite so lonely if Lisbeth at least knew she was doing some Brownie things all by her small self. Penny didn't say much to Brown Owl about it, for Brown Owl had plenty to do running the Pack and her own job and family, without any private Brownie people. All this had been going on for several weeks, before Penny and May and the go-cart happened along on this particular day. Penny plumped May down on the end of Lisbeth's long-chair, and sat down herself cross-legged on the floor.

"Where—*where* did you get her?" said Lisbeth, who, above anything, adored babies.

"Found her," Penny replied casually. "Maybe she's an enchanted princess the pixies stole."

"Is she for me to keep?" Lisbeth asked reverently. So many surprises had happened at Penny's hands that Lisbeth was prepared now for anything.

"Not exactly," Penny said regretfully. "You can have her sometimes; but she's mine, because I found her."

"How did you?" Lisbeth inquired shyly, holding out a hand which May immediately clutched with gurgles of interest.

"Found her on May Day morn. That's when magics can happen. How's my Brownie?"

"Fine!" said Lisbeth, who indeed did not look quite so pale as sometimes. "I know that song, and the other things too."

"Good, let's sing it," said Penny. So she and Lisbeth and May joined hands to make a queer, uneven, little ring, and two of them sang:

"We're the Brownies, here's our aim—
Lend a hand and play the game!"

while the youngest made harmonious coos and trills of pleasure. Certainly the strangest Brownie meeting that ever was!

Make your own Memory Book

Like the delightful one described in July

"Do you want to keep an eye on her while I dash over for the groceries?" asked Penny.

She established May on the go-cart blanket near Lisbeth's chair, slipped off a string of beads for her to play with, and went out. When she returned, Lisbeth also was on the floor, flat on her back, with May sprawled contentedly across her, dangling the bright cord that fastened Lisbeth's dress and murmuring little unintelligible things.

"She'll squash you," said Penny, surprised and somewhat anxious.

Lisbeth was supposed to be handled with care.

"I like to squash me," said Lisbeth. "By the way—" and she reached up and produced from under the cushions of her chair a small battered booklet made of two sheets of folded paper and labeled rather shakily, "Good Turns."

"I wrote them down," Lisbeth proceeded, "so I could remember. Will you look, please, and see how it's getting along?"

Penny studied the smudgy entries of her private Brownie for some time. It's not easy to do good turns when you lie in a chair every day of your life, all by yourself.

"Sharpined all mothers' pensles."

"Mended a stocking."

"Stuck stamps on all mothers' letters."

"Studyed school for two hours without calling mother."

Penny returned the book and assured its writer that it was getting along very well. Then she picked May off Lisbeth and put Lisbeth where she belonged.

"And no Boggarts have been around?" she asked.

Lisbeth started to say, "No," and then thought better of it and was silent.

"Surely not!" Penny said.

"One came," said Lisbeth in a small voice. "Mother asked me to stop blowing a whistle, and —"

"Yes?"

"The Boggart said, 'I won't!'"

"Oh dear!" Penny cried.

"But the Brownie said, 'I'm sorry!' *right* away—so the Boggart vanished, fast."

"I'm glad," Penny said.

After Penny and May and the go-cart had vanished, also, down the dusty street, Lisbeth's hand encountered something beside her, and looking down she saw a strange little creature all made of figs and raisins, with the crossest chocolate expression that ever was seen, on his marshmallow face. He had a little sign around his neck, and Lisbeth read it slowly.

"I—look—some-thing—like a—Boggart. Eat—me—fast, be—fore I do—any mischief."

With a beaming smile, Lisbeth proceeded to obey him. Then she fished the Good Turn book and a small pencil from under the cushion and made another entry.

"Took care of Pennys' baby for her."

After some time of consideration, during which the fig Boggart entirely vanished, Lisbeth tried to erase the statement. Failing this, she hastily wrote under it—

"This does not count because I loved doing it."

When Penny and May reached home in the best of spirits, they found Mr. Neap sitting in the parlor, and Granny vainly trying to understand his measured mumbling. Mr. Neap did not need to show Penny his official badge to tell her that he was the town constable. Her heart went suddenly empty. What brought him here? He turned his attention from Granny, who resumed her knitting with a sigh, and, settling his spectacles, addressed himself to Penny.

"Young lady," he said, "just how comes it that you haven't turned over this foundling to the authorities, nor made no mention of same?"

May began suddenly to cry, frightened by the gruff voice, and Penny, hushing her, tried to gather her scattered forces for reply.

What does Penny do with May of the adorable rosebud mouth? Does she find out who she is? Does she send her to an asylum? The Law says she must but———! On that "but" hangs a mystery that is destined to grow greater as our story proceeds. Watch for the next installment! A surprise is in store for you.

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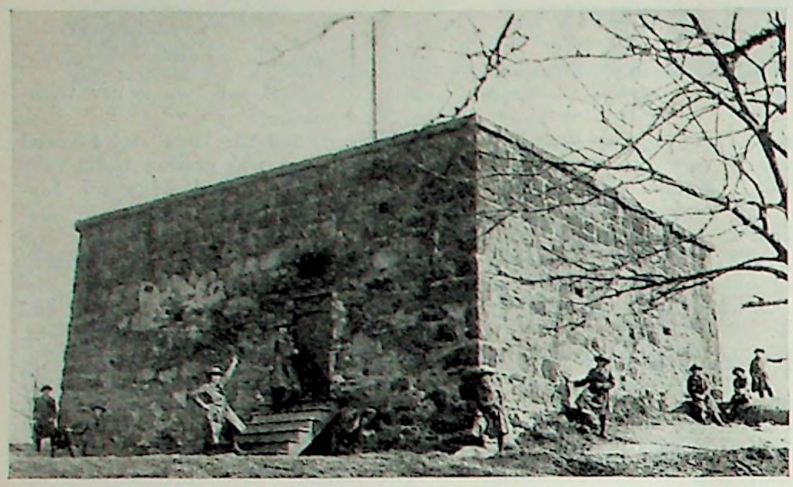
Girl Scout fro



ABOVE—*Our Pioneer Contest gave Troop 29, Manhattan, an idea for a hike to the old fort in Central Park*

BELOW — *"Subscribe for yourself, it's lots more fun," say Troop 22, Dayton, Ohio, a 100% subscribing troop in a recent magazine contest*

ABOVE—*Helen Fe*
ed) and Alice
Manager of "Th

RIGHT—*"The American Girl" in your library as here in San Antonio, Texas, will mean more girls interested in Girl Scouting*

ABOVE—*Mrs Rippin, here seen in her Camp Andree tent with Mrs. Friis, always reads our magazine from cover to cover*

BELOW — *The Pittsburgh, Kansas, Girl Scouts sent in a subscription for their cabin—have you subscribed for your School Library?*

RIGHT—*That*
zine is useful
interesting troo
these Patrol
San Diego, C

LEFT — *"Th*
Girl" Patrol
Ill., in a pic
especially for t
our mag

Goes Girl Scouting

magazine becomes an active
coast to coast

ss, Editor (seat-
caller, Business
American Girl"

BELOW—*Troop 1, Williamsburg, Pa., planned an entire entertainment from our magazine, including a recommended play, "The Toy Shop", caste below*

ABOVE—*Our magazine is the best of companions, summer time and every time, at camp and at home. Subscribe! Renew!*

LEFT — *Three loyal readers of our magazine — Girl Scouts of the Scottish Rite Hospital Troop for the crippled children, Decatur, Ga.*

BELOW *The Comet Patrol, White Daisy Troop, Fall River, Mass., in an original "American Girl" stunt, written by themselves*

ABOVE — *"'American Girl' items are always on our high school bulletin board", write the Rochester, N. Y., Girl Scouts*

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Around the Camp-fire

(*Continued from page* 16)

unless they find a way into your hearts. They are so ugly that the cool green beauty of the wood hurts them. Life is lonely for those who cannot hear what the winds whisper, who cannot smell the sweet breath of the loam, feel the softness of the moss or trace the outline of the balsam bough.

FIRST TENDER: They shall not enter here.

SECOND GIRL: Who is the tall one overshadowing all?

HEART OF THE WOOD: Discontent.

THIRD TENDER: And that?

HEART OF THE WOOD: Selfishness—and that is Envy. Greed is next and that is Laziness—that Gossip.

THIRD TENDER: How ugly they are!

FIRST FIRE TENDER: Send them away.

HEART OF THE WOOD: That would be cruel. They, too, could hear what the wandering wind whispers in the pines if you would help them. Greed, Envy, Gossip, and Selfishness are but an outward show.

SELFISHNESS: Take me to your heart, oh, Wood!

ENVY (*tries to enter circle*): Let us in—let us in—we want to hear the music of the cool green wood.

DISCONTENT: Help us!

HEART OF THE WOOD: Will you cast aside your veil, oh, Discontent?

DISCONTENT: Yes, yes; do not banish us from your heart, oh, Wood!

FIRST TENDER: We will help you. Come let us lead them into the circle. They shall not like thieves steal into our hearts. (*Heart of the Wood stays them.*)

HEART OF THE WOOD: Will you cast aside your garments of envy, hatred and malice? (*The exiles tug at their garments but cannot remove them.*)

DISCONTENT: You must help us or we will perish. If you will only believe that we want to rid ourselves of these evils.

SECOND TENDER: Let us help them.

(*The Fire Tenders bring the creatures into the circle, tug at the veils and finally succeed in removing them, disclosing girls in camp costume. The veils are thrust into the fire by the Fire Tenders.*)

HEART OF THE WOOD: Burn, fire. Destroy forever petty grievances, idle gossip, and selfishness.

FIRST TENDER: What beautiful flames!

HEART OF THE WOOD: 'Tis but the reflection of the great joy in the hearts of our new comrades.

FIRST TENDER: Come to the Heart of the cool green Wood!

HEART OF THE WOOD (*sings*):

Follow, follow, follow, follow
Follow, follow, follow me.

THE COMRADES:

Whither shall we follow—follow, follow
Whither shall we follow—follow thee?

HEART OF THE WOOD:

To the greenwood, to the greenwood
To the greenwood, follow me.

NOTE: *The song "Come Follow" is by Hilton and is found in "Twice 55 Community Songs, No. 27 in The Green Book No. 2", published by C. C. Birchard Co., Boston.*

Cantilever Stores

Cut this out for reference

Akron—11 Orpheum Arcade
Albany—Hewett's Silk Shop, 15 N. Pearl St.
Allentown—955 Hamilton St.
Altoona—Bendheim's, 1302-11th Ave.
Asbury Park—R. Bowne, 621 Cookman Ave.
Asheville—Pollock's
Atlanta—126 Peachtree Arcade
Atlantic City—2019 Boardwalk
Baltimore—316 North Charles St.
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Berkeley—The Booterie
Binghamton—Parlor City Shoe Co.
Birmingham—319 North 20th St.
Boston—109 Newbury St., Cor. Clarendon
Bridgeport—1025 Main St., (2nd floor)
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Buffalo—641 Main St. (above Chippewa St.)
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Charleston, W. Va.—John Lee Shoe Co.
Charlotte—226 North Tryon St.
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Cincinnati—The McAlpin Co.
Cleveland—1705 Euclid Ave.
Columbus, O.—104 E. Broad St. (at 3rd)
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Duluth—107 W. 1st St. (nr. 1st Ave. W.)
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Elmira—C. W. O'Shea
Erie—Weschler Co., 910 State St.
Evanston—North Shore Bootery
Evansville—310 S. 3rd St. (near Main)
Fresno—The Bootery
Grand Rapids—Herpolsheimer Co.
Greenville—Pollock's
Hagerstown—Bikle's Shoe Shop
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Idlers in Paradise

(*Continued from page* 6)

the other at right angles, and in this are two bedrooms, a dining-room and a kitchen. I was not especially glad to find that the only comfortable bedroom was in the main house and must, of course, be given to me as the chaperon. Both Ruth and Dolly told me privately that they didn't like to be left alone, so I put them together and left myself alone, with the unspoken reflection that I didn't like it either; however it seemed imbecile to bring one's civilized nervousness into this paradise.

So I took my candle, after seeing my charges safely in bed, and went into my own room. Jack called to me, laughingly that the sight of my lock and key would restore my failing courage, and that I might use the latter as a weapon in case anything happened. I soon saw the reason for this remark, for it was a real old Mexican key, nearly a foot long, and broad and heavy in proportion. It hung by a piece of bale-rope to a hook in the wall, as if it had not been used for a year, but I disentangled it, slipped it into the lock, and after calling on Hercules for strength, succeeded in turning it, rocking the house a trifle in the operation. Then, half in fun, I called to Jack "I've taken your advice!" and slipped the key under my pillow as thoughtlessly as one does a thousand things in this life, only knowing why afterwards.

I turned then to the window and laughed outright to see that the upper sash alone remained and that the lower half was represented by a square of mosquito netting, tacked on loosely like a curtain. The window seat was broad, as it is in all adobes, and was quite level with the ground.

"Well," I thought, "I should prefer a whole window to a wall two feet thick, or a key a foot long; but it is doubtless a mere convention." Accordingly I tumbled into bed with all speed, the absence of curtains giving me an uneasy feeling, as if there might be spectators in the garden.

After this I sank into a deep and dreamless sleep that lasted I know not how long. I only know that at a certain moment I stirred uneasily and came back from utter oblivion into semi-consciousness. I lay perfectly still and in a few moments I heard a faint rustling sound, as of a stealthy foot in the grass, or a hand brushing aside the jasmine that hung over one corner of the window. I did not care to look; it was the thing of all others I least desired to do, but a force that was stronger than my will drew my head inflexibly over my shoulder towards something I knew I was to see. The moon had set and the sky had darkened so that everything was in shadow, but as I opened my eyes I looked full into two other gleaming ones, set in a dark face framed in a shock of coarse black hair that could only belong to Juan Capistrano! I could not be mistaken, for as he galloped down the lime-tree avenues calling *"Adios"*, and lifting his gray som-

(*Continued on page* 36)

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Idlers in Paradise

(*Continued from page* 34)

brero, his swarthy face and long coal-black locks had made him a picture to be remembered.

I closed my eyes for a second—it was only a second, but I had time to think of every dear and precious thing the world had for me; only a second, and yet my whole life seemed stretched before me like a picture, not the least disagreeable feature of which was a weeping willow in the foreground and a chaste, marble slab, enumerating the virtues of the deceased. Had the intruder noticed my watch, or my rings, or my gold-handled whip, and was his object robbery? I did not dare to think any further, for each new theory was more terrible than the one before; I knew that I was separated from my only possible protector by two or three thick adobe walls, and that my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth at the mere impulse to scream; so in sudden inspiration I slipped my hand under my pillow, and quicker than a lightning flash sat up in bed, took aim and hurled the huge key with all my force directly between those two gleaming greedy eyes! I heard the crash of glass, the dull thud of the heavy little window as the key fell and a cry of rage or pain, and then I knew no more, for I had fainted quite away for the first time in my life.

I suppose I must have "raised my voice to heaven," although I thought myself incapable of uttering a sound, for I was awakened into consciousness by a tremendous battering at my door and Jack's voice calling: "Mrs. Douglas!"

I hid my face more closely than ever in the protecting pillow.

"Come to me quickly," I moaned, "quickly!"

"But the door is locked." (Another wild clash and bang.) "Can you open it?"

"No, no!" I cried. "I cannot move. I am helpless with terror. Come around to the window—no, no; not the window; you'll stumble on him. Oh, yes! The window—it's the only way; but don't let the villain kill you, too; it's bad enough now!" And I broke down at last in a fit of hysterical sobbing. Meanwhile Ruth and Dolly had scrambled into some clothes; and when Jack had squeezed into the fatal window, groped about for the key, unlocked the door and dragged me out, they had just self-possession enough to throw some *serapes* over me and rub my hands sympathetically, while their teeth chattered in an agony of expectation. Then I managed to get strength enough, between alternate sobs and shivers, to tell them all about it, and before the words were fairly spoken, Paul took up his lantern and dashed out into the garden.

"Saddle your horse, Paul," shouted Jack, "wake up Julian. I'll be there directly!" At which we all clung to him and begged him not to leave us, or we should die of fright.

"But, my dear little woman, nothing more can happen now, and I must get hold of that blackguard—curse him!

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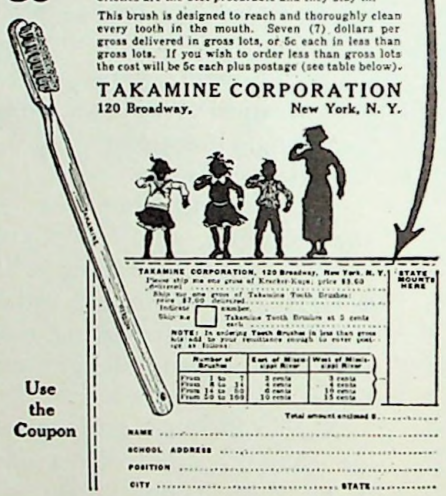

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Don't be frightened: I'll send Paul back."

"Yes, but Paul is so young," piped Ruth, plaintively.

"Never mind; his rifle is old, at all events," said Jack, grimly.

Dolly followed him to the door, and I could hear her murmur, "Jack, don't you think it's just possible she had the nightmare and imagined she saw Juan; or dreamed it? She seems so nervous and unstrung that she can't seem to explain the matter very clearly."

Jack put his arm around her and looked at her tenderly, as if thinking that, but for the goodness of God, she might have been exposed to this danger instead of me.

"I might think so, darling," said he in a whisper, glancing stealthily in my direction. "I might think so, but—don't be frightened, dear—there is blood on the key!"

My heart leaped into my throat. Good Heavens! Why had I ever come to this lonely, horrible, dangerous place! Blood on the key! I had struck, then, where I aimed. This was more than astonishing; it approached the supernatural. I could not resist a throb of pride, not only for myself, but for my down-trodden sex; but I was dreadfully frightened as well as proud. Juan was not simply a robber or an assassin. Then he was also a victim, and still more horrible thought, perhaps he had dragged himself away to some lonely spot where his life-blood was irrigating the earth, and if so, he was neither robber, assassin nor victim, but simply a body, and I was a murderess.

Just at this momentous juncture we heard a scratching at the door. Paul, being nearest, opened it, and in walked Azabache, the big black mastiff—tail between legs, head bent—the picture of despondency. He dragged himself wearily along as if in pain and threw himself at Jack's feet, whining and holding up one paw in mute demand for sympathy and help.

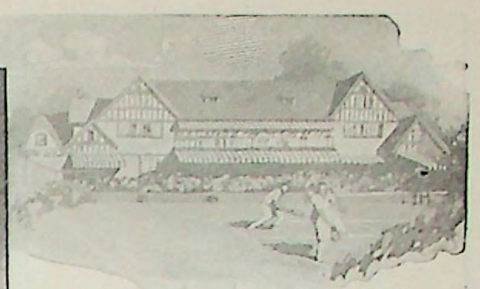
We all looked at him curiously.

"Why, old fell'," said Jack, affectionately, "are you in it, too? Why, the dog is hurt, and badly, too!"

Sure enough, his two front feet seemed to be sprained and swollen across the joints, as if they had been caught in a trap of some kind—and—yes, small bits of glass were sticking in the flesh, and the poor fellow was trying to scratch them off, whining piteously as he did so. Nor were these the extent of his injuries, for we soon discovered a great welt between his eyes, as if he had been struck with some hard—heavens! the wound was still bleeding—and, by some extraordinary combination of circumstances, there was blood on my key!

We all looked at each other blankly, and then I drew the *serapes* entirely over my head, for I pride myself on the rapidity of my intuitions. And it

(*Continued on next page*)



Women today are going in for athletics on a scale never dreamed of before. Taking a leaf from their brothers' experience most of the leaders wear Keds for every kind of sports use.

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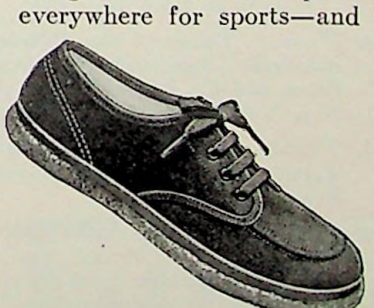
Girls like Keds not only because they wear so long, but because they are so unusually good-looking.

A Keds model designed for sports and general wear. A great favorite with girls.



An attractive Keds moccasin with crepe sole. Crepe sole Keds are light and springy, and at the same time remarkable for long wear.

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Department 10.

(*Continued from page* 37)

flashed across me that I was about to suffer more deeply through mortification than I had previously suffered through terror!

My head was scarcely hidden before Jack's guffaw shook the rafters; Paul rolled himself on the floor in youthful exuberance of mirth; Dolly gave herself entirely to the pleasure of the occasion and laughed until she gasped for breath, and when I heard Ruth absolutely degrade herself by hooting (there is no other word for her disgraceful ebullition) I gathered my blankets haughtily about me and strode into my apartment.

Not until the affair was forty-eight hours old did they extend the slightest sympathy; and then Jack confessed that it was a natural mistake. For I compelled them to sit in a row on my bed at ten o'clock on a foggy night; dragged Azabache outside the window much against his inclination; stuck his head through the vines and held him wriggling there until they owned that with his flashing eyes, his tawny face, and his waving black hair, he did look like Juan Capistrano, and that anybody, even Solomon, might have been imposed upon by the resemblance.

Louise Price Says:

(*Continued from page* 27)

Hot water enough to make a stiff consistency.

Make into cakes and drop into hot ashes to bake. When done, pull out with a hoe. Break open and butter the inside before making yourself at home. I first learned this from an Alabama Girl Scout sojourning in New England. We added a few blueberries to the mixture and enjoyed the experiment.

Good Stories

(*Continued from page* 27)

5. *Wonder Tales of the World* by Armfield. (Published by Harcourt, Brace and Co., 338 Madison Ave., New York City.)
6. *Twenty Four Unusual Stories* by Tyler. (Published by Harcourt, Brace and Co.)
7. *Folk and Fairy Tales.* (Published by Fleming H. Revell Co., 158 Fifth Avenue, New York City.) In this, I especially recommend "The White Elephant" by Stewart; "The Old Woman and the Tramp" by Breakstad; "The Sparrow and the Eagle" by Benson.
8. *Parables from Nature* by Gatty. (Published by E. P. Dutton Co., 681 Fifth Ave., New York City.)
9. *Flower Lore and Legends* by Beals. (Published by Henry Holt and Co., 19 West 44th St., New York City.)

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Add just a *very few* drops of 3-in-One Oil to the water. Don't, don't, put the oil on the cloth.

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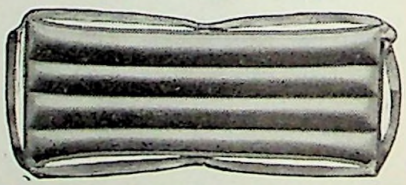

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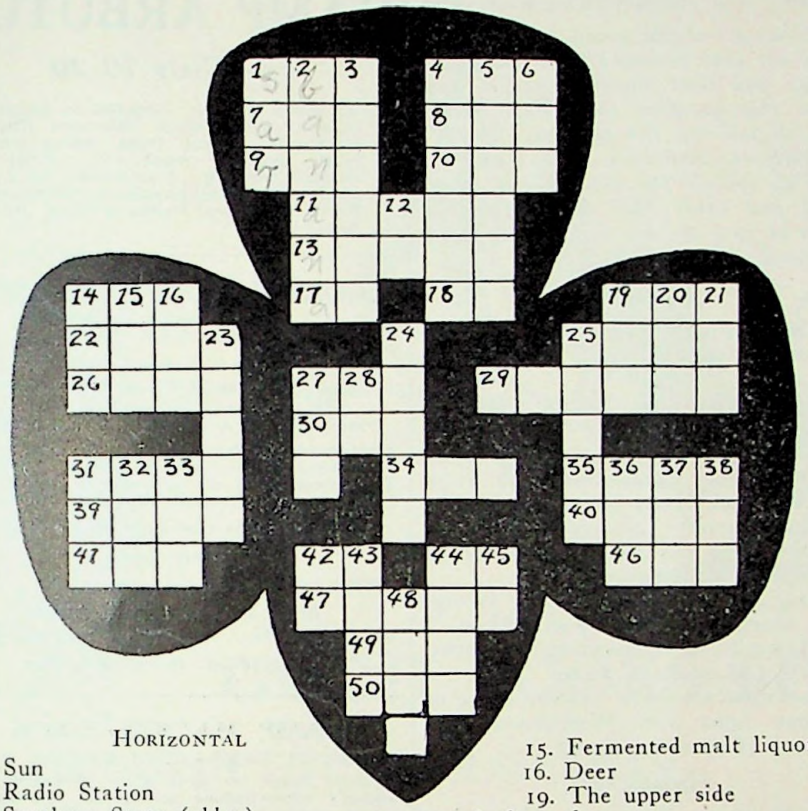
Cross-word Puzzle

By IRENE KALLMEYER
Troop 58, Westwood, Cincinnati, Ohio



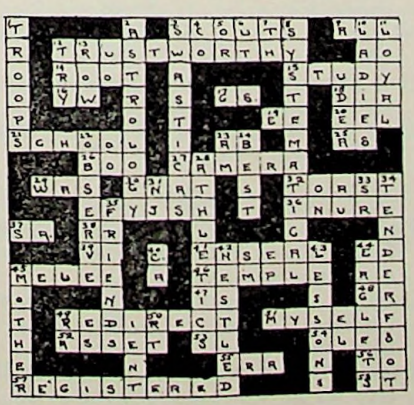
HORIZONTAL

1. Sun
4. Radio Station
7. Southern State (abbr.)
8. Skill
9. Boy's nickname
10. Past tense verb "Lead"
11. Full of veins
13. To follow
14. Deface
17. Street (abbr.)
18. Initial of a famous president
19. An explosive
22. A medicinal plant
25. To fly high, as a bird
26. That which is done
27. Not old
29. A vast plain in eastern Europe and Asia
30. Before
31. A heroic poem
34. Ever (poetic))
35. Level
39. An enclosed field for combat
40. To be delirious
41. Past tense verb "leave"
42. A preposition
44. A three-toed sloth
46. Boy's nickname
47. English Lords
49. A large vessel
50. Self

VERTICAL

1. Past tense of verb "sit"
2. An Italian fruit
3. To deplore
4. A nut
5. More gray
6. Limited (abbr.)
12. Part of verb "to be"
14. Insane
15. Fermented malt liquor
16. Deer
19. The upper side
20. A short sleep
21. Prefix meaning "three"
23. Decree
24. Not sour
25. To cut
27. Born
28. Suffix meaning "more"
31. A measure of length
32. An American dessert
33. A noun suffix meaning "one who does"
36. A large covered wagon
37. Girl's name
38. Worn by some women to protect their hair
42. That is
43. The hub, a wheel
44. A musical part sung by lowest female voices
45. Part of verb "to be"
48. Fury

Answer to May Puzzle



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Reader's Guide, Saturday Review of Literature

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CAMPING AND WOODCRAFT, Horace Kephart (2 vols in one) (*Macmillan*) $3.25

CAMP GRUB, Elon Jessup (*Dutton*) $3.50

SUMMER IN THE GIRLS' CAMP, Anna Worthington Coale (*Century*) $1.75

GIRLS IN THE HIGH SIERRAS, Katharine Ellis Barrett (*Doubleday*) $2.00. (Story, but has good information on camping).

DIVING AND SWIMMING BOOK, George H. Corsan (*A. S. Barnes*) $3.00

A MANUAL OF ORGANIZED CAMPING, Weir (*Macmillan*) $2.00

THE AMERICAN BOYS' HANDY BOOK OF CAMP LORE AND WOODCRAFT, Dan Beard (*Lippincott*) $3.00

Handicraft

ONE HUNDRED THINGS A GIRL CAN DO, Snow and Froehlich (*Lippincott*) $2.50

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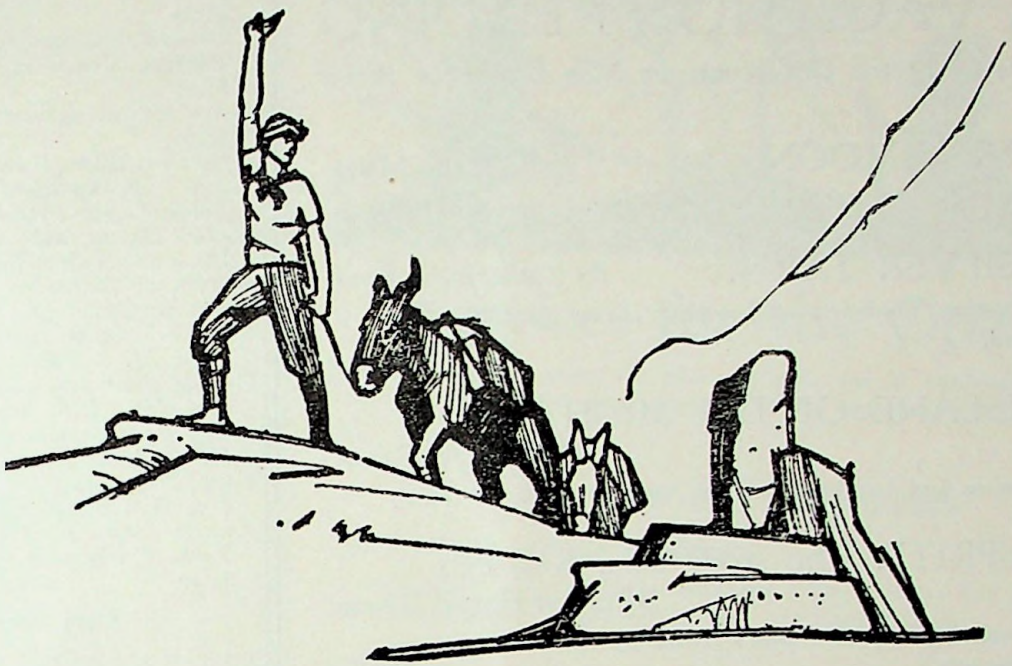

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National Equipment Department

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Place these books in your Girl Scout library

Anne Foster

(*Continued from page* 15)

munities, Anne presented herself at the Editor's desk.

Her satisfactory handling of several assignments led to a new position on the paper. Her work was more interesting. Anne became more sure of her ability.

As the months passed, her dream of successfully writing other than newspaper assignments grew. She was encouraged by having first one, then two, then three of her short stories accepted by magazines published in New York City. To be sure, her desk drawer was crammed with other stories which had been rejected by editors.

In her journal, Anne continued to record glimpses of varying life caught during her reporting hours. Some day she would use it all, she knew.

Others on the paper had dreams of becoming distinguished writers or critics. Of them all, Anne found Anderson Murdock most understanding. In addition to his general work on the paper, Anderson wrote book reviews and drama criticisms. Whenever Anne completed a story or had a new idea, she was impatient until she could discuss it with him.

Anne came to look forward to the evenings when Anderson would bring around some book upon which he was working, that he might discuss it with her before writing his final review of it. He said that she helped him and Anne earnestly hoped that she did—he had done so much for her.

Not long after the acceptance of Anne's third story, Anderson Murdock called upon her with no book in his hand. His present errand did not concern books, he said. He had a question to ask her. Since they had come so to rely upon each other, since they so enjoyed being together, since they—that is, since he loved her—why not?

A year later when her husband received an offer from a New York newspaper, Anne declared she had been wishing to live in New York, in direct contact with the short story market.

—6—

So Anne Foster moved to New York. She did not apply for a newspaper position at once because Foster Murdock arrived shortly. But as soon as his baby chart registered continuous gaining, Anne discussed with Anderson the question of her return to her work.

Was it to be with a newspaper? On a magazine staff, if possible? With some publishing house or should she write advertising for some agency? They decided against a regular position for, as Anderson said, if she was ever to write worth while short stories, she must have more time in which to do it.

"Free lance, Anne," urged Anderson. "Take a chance."

Which is why you will find Anne Foster's name in magazines today, even though Anne herself declares the pile of "rejecteds" still looms like a Woolworth tower above the "accepteds."

Will Every Subscriber Help Me

Make Our Magazine Better By Answering These Questions?

By HELEN FERRIS

Editor

EVERY time I sit down to plan our magazine, I wish it were possible for me to visit the home of every subscriber to THE AMERICAN GIRL. Especially when so many Girl Scouts are interested in our Homemaker Badge, it seems to me that I could do so much better in giving you just the things that would most help you if I could meet you personally and come to see you, some afternoon after school.

But since that is impossible, it seems to us here at National Headquarters that we have found a way, after all. Through the mail! The other day, a number of us who make plans for THE AMERICAN GIRL, sat down and figured out just how we could get better acquainted with you and know more of what you are doing in your own homes. This is our plan—for you to answer the questions on this page and on the next page. Then send them in to me. They will be a wonderful guide to us in making THE AMERICAN GIRL of the most possible use to you in your badge work.

A new observation game

Observation games are among the most popular of Girl Scout games. Here is a new one for you. How many of these questions can you answer without moving from the chair where you are now sitting? What do you know about your refrigerator or your radio without going out to look them over? It is eye-opening, the things we see every day yet don't really see at all!

There are two ways of playing this game. One is by yourself, now. See how many of the questions you can answer without going on a special tour of investigation around your home. Then fill out the rest (having made certain, of course, that your first answers were correct). Turn over the page. Answer the questions you find there as well as those you see here. Cut along the dotted line and mail it all in to me. You might call this "Solitary Home Observation."

The other way to play this game is at your troop meeting. All girls should bring their own copies of THE AMERICAN GIRL. Announce a week beforehand that the game will be played at the next meeting and have your tour of investigation during the week. Or make it a real observation test, with all girls on their honor not to look up the answers. Then see which girl can answer the most questions. The first way of playing this game in your troop will be a memory test game. The second will be an observation game. Do it which-ever way you prefer. After troop meeting, take home your own questions and answers, check up on them to make sure your memory was correct. Then mail your answers to me.

That is most important—mail your answers to me.

Prizes for the best answers

By writing out your answers to the questions you see here and on the next page and by cutting the half-page carefully along the dotted line and mailing it to me, you will be helping us so tremendously that we wish to show you how much we appreciate it. We wish we might send each one of you a tangible sign of our appreciation. But since that is impossible, we shall do the next best thing and make awards for the five best and most complete sets of answers which come to us.

To the best set of answers we shall award the following prizes.

1ST PRIZE—A radiolite wrist watch
2ND PRIZE—A poncho
3RD PRIZE—A Girl Scout ring
4TH PRIZE—A Girl Scout axe
5TH PRIZE—Girl Scout stationery

Send it *before June 15th.* No set of answers received after June 15th will count.

Write some answer after every question. If you do not have in your home the article mentioned, say so and your answer will count.

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

Name .....

Troop No. .....

Street .....

City .....State .....

What is the population of your town?.....

Does your family own your home or do they rent?.....

How many rooms have you in your home?.....

How many members of your family are under 15?.....

Male.... Female.... Over 15?.... Male.... Female....

In what occupation is the head of your home engaged?

.....

To what magazines does your family subscribe?.....

.....

.....

How many other persons read your AMERICAN GIRL each month? .....

Has your family any of the following articles? (Write "yes" or "no". Also state what make.)

Refrigerator?..... Make.....

Kitchen Cabinet?..... Make.....

Electric Iron? ..... Make.....

Vacuum Sweeper?.....Make.....

Other electrical equipment? ..Make.....

Piano? .....Make .....

Player Piano.....Make.....

Phonograph? ..... Make.....

How many records have you? .....

How many did your family buy in 1924?.....

Make of the majority of them?.....

Have you a radio?.....Tube?.....

Crystal?.....What make?.....

Have you any plans for home improvements?.....

If so, what kind?.....

.....

Do you select your own clothes and personal articles?.....

What brands of the following does your family use?

Toilet Soap.....Cold Cream.....

Talcum Powder.....Face Powder.....

IMPORTANT—*Don't forget what's on the next page. Your answers won't count without them.*

Send in your answers before June 15

Tooth Paste.....

Other toilet articles.....

Does your mother own a washing machine?.....

Hand?..... Gasoline Engine?..... Electric?.....

What make of washing machine?.....

What brand of laundry soap does your family use?.....

What brand of washing powder?.....

What brand of cleansing powder?.....

Does your family use the following? (Say "yes" or "no" and give brand.)

Breakfast food.....Brand.....

Baking powder.....Brand.....

Canned milk.....Brand.....

Canned fruits.....Brand.....

Canned vegetables.....Brand.....

Cocoa .....Brand.....

Prepared desserts.....Brand.....

Syrups .....Brand.....

What brand of trade-marked foods do you take on hikes?

.....

What brand of athletic and sport shoes do you wear?

.....

What brand of over shoes do you wear?.....

Arctics? .....

Name your favorite authors.....

.....

Name your favorite books.....

.....

Name your favorite motion pictures .....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Name your favorite motion picture stars .....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Did your mother make jam or jelly last year?.....

If so, how much?.....

.....

.....

.....

Make a list below of the ten kinds of Homemaker pages you most wish to have in THE AMERICAN GIRL. This list is of utmost importance in the contest.

.....

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.....

.....

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TEAR ALONG THIS LINE

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On Camping

Camp Grub By ELON JESSUP
What to take, how to keep it, how to cook it and many helpful hints. $3.50

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Simple and clear. $1.25

On Dramatics

Outwitting the Weasels By HELEN FARRINGTON
Plays for young bird lovers. $2.00

The Haunted Circle By ADELAIDE NICHOLS
Plays for children and adults. $2.50

Popular Science

Boy's Book of Chemistry
By CHARLES R. CLARK $2.00

Boy's Book of the Earth
By S. A. SMALL $2.50

Boy's Book of Electricity
By S. A. SMALL $2.50

Boy's Book of Physics
By CLARK and SMALL $2 50

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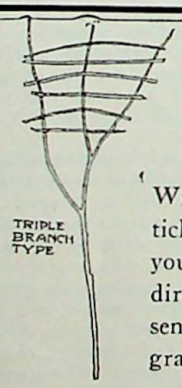


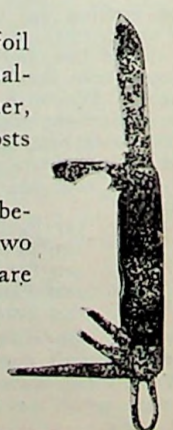
Write us a letter about

what you have made with your Girl Scout Knife

Write us a letter telling about some article of handicraft you have made with your Girl Scout knife. Give complete directions for making the article and send with your letter a snap shot or diagram showing how it looks.

For the letter showing the most interesting article and describing it most clearly we will award as a prize a large size Girl Scout knife.

The knife has a stag handle with trefoil emblem, a fine large blade of best quality steel, bottle opener, can opener, punch blade and ring for belt. It costs $1.60.



Be sure to get your contribution in before June 15. (An extension of two weeks). Send all contributions in care of THE AMERICAN GIRL.

GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.
670 Lexington Avenue, New York City

Be a Get-Acquainted subscriber—50c for five months

(*Continued from page 25*)

bring me Beauty? Why, it's too wonderful to believe!

A. G.: But it's true. I can bring you all these—and more. But you understand, of course, that you can't have me and Fifty-cent Piece, too. And perhaps (*sadly*) you prefer, after all, his candy and movies and nick-nacks.

J. S.: But candy and movies and nick-nacks don't last long. Besides, they don't make the best Girl Scouts.

F. P.: Justa! You're not going back on me! (*Fifty is obviously disturbed.*)

J. S. (*ignoring Fifty*): But now that I think of it, you probably won't last long either. If I take you instead of Fifty, I'm afraid you'll stay just long enough for me to love your Adventure and News and Fun and Beauty, and then go gallavanting off and leave me in the lurch. I couldn't bear that.

A. G.: No, no, Justa. If you take me instead of Fifty, I'll come every month for five months and bring Beauty and Fun and the rest every single time. On my honor as a Girl Scout!

J. S. (*excitedly*): Oh! So you're a Girl Scout too. I didn't know that.

A. G.: Of course! I thought you knew all along. (*They embrace ecstatically.*)

F. P. (*glumly*): I see my undoing. I guess this mushy stuff means that I go and she stays.

J. S.: Right for once, Fifty! I'm sorry, old top, but if you want me to be brutally frank—there's really no comparison between the two of you. THE AMERICAN GIRL offers me the most fascinating things in the world for five delicious months. And the best of it is, we're both Girl Scouts together!

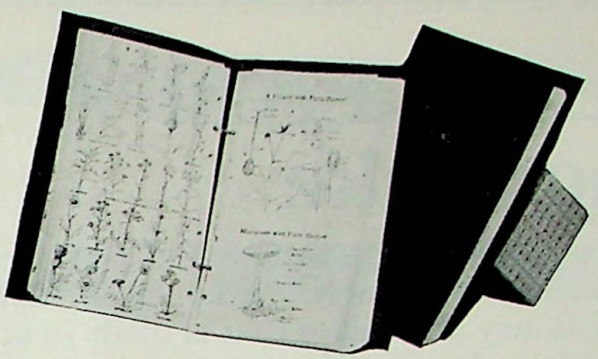
F. P. (*as a last hope*): But Justa, think of the candy and movies and nick-nacks—

J. S.: What are they to a Girl Scout? No, Fifty, it's no use. Get out and stay out! I'd rather have THE AMERICAN GIRL for five months than any old Fifty-cent Piece on earth. (*Justa shoos Fifty off-stage. Then* THE AMERICAN GIRL *and Justa Scout, twining their arms about each other's shoulders and advancing up-stage break into music. As they sing, the rest of the caste—even poor old defeated Fifty—join with them lustily.*)

Tune: Yankee Doodle

Beauty, Romance, Fun and News
And everything that's nifty,
You'll get them all in "Th' American Girl"—
Five luscious months for FIFTY.
"Th' American Girl" is made for you;
Girl Scouts delight to get it.
Subscribe Girl Scouts, for fifty cents—
You never will regret it!

(*Between verses, Justa Scout exclaims*): And, oh girls! when my subscription expires in five months, *I'm* going to ask my mother and father to give me my renewal for one of my Christmas presents.



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help you to win badges

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Dr. Bertha Chapman Cady, our Girl Scout Naturalist, has prepared these projects, which give full requirements for the three new nature badges, Bird, Tree and Flower Finder. They contain note sheets of questions and answers for nature observations, as well as abundant charts for coloring.

Prices

Three projects complete with cover	$1.50
Projects separate, *each*	.40
Cover, leather, lettered in gold	.50

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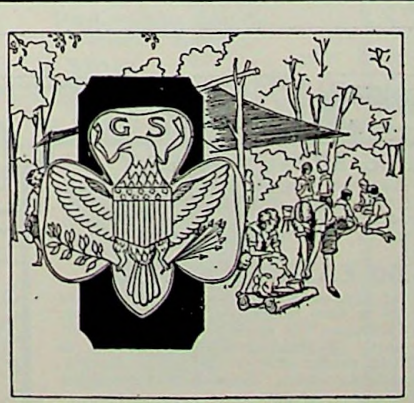

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10K Gold (safety catch	$3.00
Gold filled (safety catch)	.75
Midget gold filled	.50
New plain type	.15
Old style plain pin	.08

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Then ask your parents to renew for your Christmas

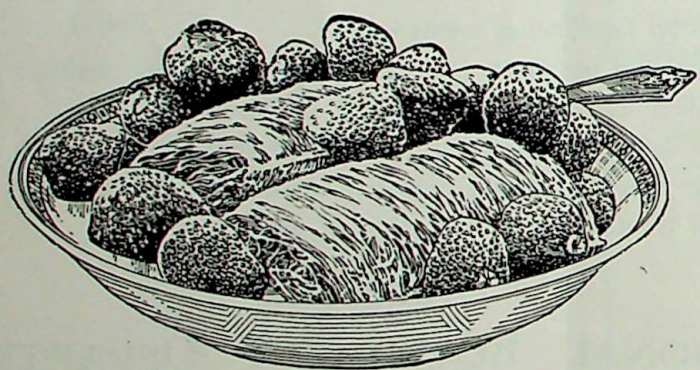
Here's a real shortcake

Here's a shortcake more delicious, more nourishing and more easily digested than the ordinary shortcake that is made of soggy white flour dough. Dip the strawberries over

Shredded Wheat

then serve with sugar and cream.

A treat for the warm, sultry days—cool and refreshing. Contains all the iron you need, all the vitamines you need, all the bran you need. A wholesome, nourishing dish for breakfast, for lunch, for dinner.



Most food for least money

Dad's Boy

(*Continued from page* 11)

"Sure do, Senator," Mike replied.

"Well, Mike, that *is* good news. This is Mr. Ross, Mike; Harchester's new high school principal."

Ross's hand shot out. "Congratulations seem due," he said cordially.

"Better congratulate Nancy," suggested Mike.

"I will if I can ever get near enough to her."

When Mike had left him, Mr. Briggs turned to the younger man. "You'll stay to supper?" he asked.

"Not tonight, thank you." And Philip climbed over the door of his roadster and headed for town.

Meantime, Nancy, to avoid her mother, had entered the house by the side door.

"Nancy!"

Her mother had heard her and appeared in the kitchen door, her hands covered with flour. "Father's home," she said.

"I know, mums."

"And Mr. Ross is here, too. I think he is going to stay to supper."

"Well, I think I'll keep to my room, mums."

"Why, Nancy! You aren't sick?"

"Just t-tired." And Nancy, her shoulders heaving, raced up the stairs.

Presently Mr. Briggs entered the kitchen. "Ross wouldn't stay," he said; then, rubbing his hands together, "I guess I'm as good as elected, mother."

"David, do you know what is the matter with Nancy? She won't come down to supper."

"I didn't treat her right, mother. I guess I humiliated her, but she looked so disreputable . . ."

"Father! After the way she has worked! All week, she has gone about notifying the world that she is dad's boy."

"Don't rub it in, Ann. I'll do all I can to make it right."

He did not see Nancy again that night but the next day, in his clumsy style, he did attempt an apology.

"Forget it," she said crisply. "Just set me down as a total loss and let it go at that."

Early in August came Harchester's annual field day, held at the fair grounds beyond the city and Nancy, in spite of family remonstrance, elected to stay at home.

"Alone?" opposed Mrs. Briggs. "Mike and Theresa are going in the car with us, remember. What if anything should happen?"

"I can always wring my hands and snivel like a perfect lady", Nancy answered, derisive eyes on her father.

The luncheon disposed of, she collected a cushion, a new magazine and her camera and made for her favorite view. When the light was right, she meant to get some pictures of the plateau and foothills which merged finally into the simple grandeur of the mountain.

The next she knew, she was sitting upright, every sense alert. A glance at her wrist reminded her that she had left her watch in the house, but by the

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shadows on the meadow she knew that it must be mid-afternoon.

The sound that had awakened her came again. It was that of a car chugging up the last ascent. There was nothing unusual or terrifying about that, nevertheless her nerves tingled as she made her way to the opposite door, facing the unpalatable fact that she was out of sight and sound of a human friend.

A man had driven up to the house and was busily ringing the door bell. Getting no response, he peered around the corner of the house at the empty garage.

Nancy's heart was pumping fast. There had been something too cautious about the man's manner to be reassuring. She was back at the other door by the time he had stopped. She watched him as he alighted, observing that he was quite young. Entering the barn, he halloed guardedly.

Something was very wrong. People on legitimate business went about it less furtively. "Political slugging," she summed up as, grabbing her camera, she started toward the built-in ladder.

When she reached the lower floor, the man had gone to his car and was taking a box from the rear. Bending under its weight, he approached the barn again.

"How do you do?"

He glanced up, startled by the steady voice, and Nancy's camera clicked.

"What you doing that for?" he growled.

"Just getting an exhibit for my rogues' gallery," she said calmly.

She was studying him swiftly. He was younger than she had thought and the pallor of his skin and the looseness of his lips reassured her. In an encounter of almost any sort, she felt certain of winning.

"Is that something for my father?"

No longer able to support the weight, he set the box down and eyed her suspiciously. "Where did you come from?" he asked. "I been ringing your telephone for an hour."

"Perhaps I can help you with that box."

"I guess I made a mistake. I'll be beating it."

"Oh, I think not."

Surprise had confused him and he started on a run for the car and the act of fleeing turned confusion to panic. All this now put Nancy's apprehension to rout and roused her scorn and wrath. Here was some foul blow directed against her father. Her father! Gone were indifference and bitterness and in their stead reigned courage and loyalty. Once more she was dad's boy.

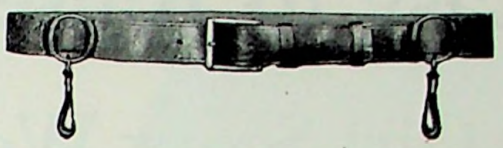
"Why run?" she drawled. "I have your picture."

He stopped, turning. "What's to hinder my doing a little rough stuff?" he threatened.

Nancy, her fighting blood up, laughed blithely. "Two things," she replied. "You're scared and you haven't the strength of a good clean boy of ten. Besides, you're sick."

She saw a new kind of fear leap into his eyes—fear blended with despair. "Aw, lay off," he begged.

(*Continued on page* 51)



LEFT: Officers' leather belt, mahogany color
Sizes 28-38 $2.75
Sizes 40-42 3.00

RIGHT: Girl Scout, khaki colored webbing belt
Sizes 28-38 $0.65
Sizes 40-42 0.75

Add style to your uniform *with a belt—leather for officers, webbing for Girl Scouts*

SMARTEN up your uniform with a belt. Give your appearance a trim, *uniformed* touch. A belt will do this for you. Your National Equipment Department has them in stock. The web belt for Girl Scouts is made of excellent quality khaki colored webbing with a gun metal finish buckle stamped with the trefoil emblem. Belt hooks hang from either side and make it easy to carry your knife, whistle or rope. This belt is stout enough to enable you to stick your hand axe and sheath in it. Order by waist measure in inches.

The officers' belt is of excellent quality cow hide, mahogany color, with tongue buckle. It is fitted with bronzed metal rings and snap hooks. In ordering belts, give your waist measure in inches.

Order from

NATIONAL EQUIPMENT DEPARTMENT
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Roses and Vegetable Plants
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130 Beekman Street : New York City

Then ask your parents to renew for your Christmas

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for

Girl Scout Work

with

Osborne Benefit Pencils

An Original Money Raising Plan for Girl Scout Troops.

High Grade Hexagon Pencils, Fancy Gilt Tips, Red Erasers, in Red, Green, Blue, Yellow, Lavender or Gray Enamel, with name of the Troop, Organization or any other short inscription in Gilt or Silver lettering.

During the past year we printed over two and a half million of our "Benefit Pencils." We are still at it and at this very minute they are earning money for Girl Scout Troops, Camp Fire Groups, High School Associations and Classes, Churches, Lodges, etc., in all parts of the country. The pencils we furnish are of excellent quality, having the easy writing graphite, gilt tips, red rubber erasers and can be had all in one color or assorted, with any short inscription up to 35 or 40 letters in gilt or silver. Every pencil bears an appropriate inscription telling the purpose for which the money is being raised.

Everybody uses pencils and will gladly purchase one or more for their own use, receiving full value for the small amount of money spent and helping a worthy cause at the same time. Business houses, offices, etc., usually purchase them by the dozen or gross and you will be surprised to see how quickly they sell. Many Girl Scout, School and Camp Fire Organizations carry the pencils in stock during the year and as large quantities are continually being used, a handsome profit is secured in this way.

We are making a Special Rate of $4.50 per gross, terms net cash 30 or 60 days from date of invoice, f. o. b. Camden, New York. Subject to a discount of 2% if paid within ten days. All goods are usually shipped within 48 hours from receipt of order.

While the larger organizations usually order in quantities of at least seven gross (1000 pencils) at a time, we will print any quantity from TWO GROSS up at the above rate and allow a full 30 or 60 day credit on all orders.

As a special inducement to have your order read for at least seven gross we are giving TWENTY-FIVE EXTRA PRINTED PENCILS FREE with each order for the above quantity. This will add $1.25 to the profits of this sale or more than $20.00 for every seven gross sold. In other words—a little better than 60% on an investment of $31.50.

Why not let us send you some pencils which can be easily sold at five cents each? This means a profit of $2.70 per gross which with the twenty-five extra pencils brings the total profit to over $20.00 on every seven gross sale.

Remember—we do not ask a single penny in advance, thus giving you the opportunity to conduct the sale and do all the collecting before sending us our share of the proceeds. In other words—we finance the investment for you—no fuss—no risk—no worry!

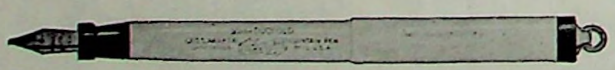
Do you know of a quicker, better or safer way in which to secure funds for your Troop?

Send for your pencils TODAY, printing out the inscription desired very plainly and we will ship them at once. They will soon be earning good money and you will be more than pleased with the result.

The Osborne Specialty Company

CAMDEN, NEW YORK

SPECIAL OFFER



A Genuine Parker $5.00 Lady Duofold Gold Mounted Fountain Pen Free of all Cost.

To each Girl Scout Troop ordering at least seven gross of the pencils at a time, we will give one of the above pens free of all cost. We suggest that this be awarded to the member of the troop selling the most pencils during the campaign.

A. G. June 25 .....19.....

THE OSBORNE SPECIALTY CO.,
Camden, New York.

Gentlemen:

You may send us ..... gross "Benefit Pencils" in ..... finish enamel at $4.50 per gross and print from the following copy:

It is agreed that if our order reads for seven gross or more of the pencils and the bill is paid within fifteen days from date of invoice we are to receive a genuine Parker $5.00 Lady Duofold Pen—Free.

Name of Troop.....

Captain .....

City or Town.....

State .....

No order for less than two gross accepted. Pencils after being printed cannot be returned for credit.

(*Continued from page* 49)

"Sick." She stressed the sore spot. "Is it tuberculosis?"

"Say," he said, "what are you—a blooming doctor?"

"No. But I could cure *you* with my hands tied. Why don't you sit down and tell me about it?"

She sat on the box, pointing to the running board of the car for him. And, strangely enough, he obeyed, but was furious at his acquiescence. He blustered till, meeting her eyes, he saw solicitude there. Then it came out with a gush. His mother and sisters had died of the dread disease.

"And the saw bones said I hadn't a Chinaman's chance," he finished.

"And so you said 'a short life and a merry one,'" she supplemented.

"Aw, what's the use!" And he half rose.

"Sit down," she ordered. "We've got to this." She tapped the box significantly.

"I guess you know what that is."

"Rather. It's contraband liquor to be planted in this barn and found and used as a bullet to stop my father's political career. And they picked you to do the filthy trick. What did they pay you?"

"Nothing yet," was the sullen reply.

"Playing safe, the thrifty souls. Does it mean anything to you personally to have my father branded a lawbreaker and a hypocrite?"

"It means twenty-five bucks," he snapped.

She nodded. "What had you planned to do with it?"

He rose and turned on her fiercely. "If it's any of your business, I was going as far West as I could get on it. The climate out there is good for—what ails me."

She rose also. "What is your name?"

"Anderson Bray,"—reluctantly.

"See here, Andy; you don't need to go West to cure yourself. Why not stay right here—father can take you on for light work—and drink milk and keep early hours and sleep on a nice bed in a tent?"

He was really only a frightened boy whom life had handled roughly. He gulped.

"He'd be apt to let me," he said, trying to achieve a sneer.

"You may trust me for that, Andy. At least, will you stay till he gets back, and come clean? You shan't be harmed; I promise you that."

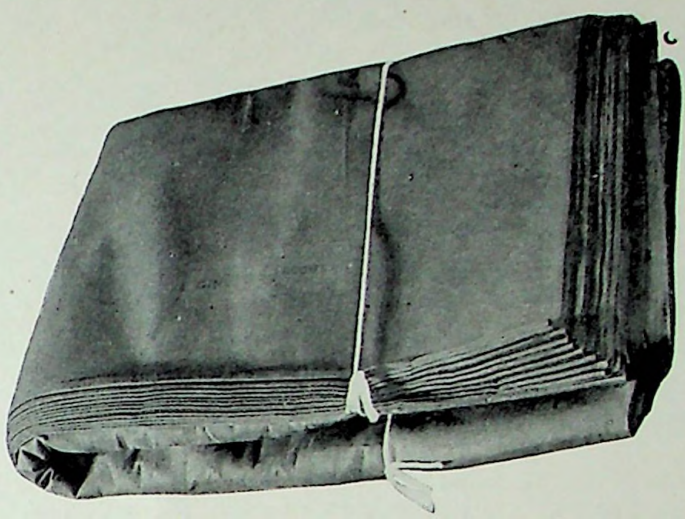
His sick eyes wandered to the mountain top, turned, met hers, wavered—and held.

"I'm on," he said.

She felt her throat tighten and sought for something that would put them on a comradely footing. "Perhaps this will square me with dad," she said. "You see, Andy, he wishes I were a boy."

They both came to attention, listening. A car was mounting the hill strongly. Panic shot into the boy's eyes and Nancy observed it. "Steady, Andy. That isn't father—we pant up

(*Continued on next page*)



Official Khaki

Stamped on back with Trefoil trade mark

TWO times to the yard—that is the way official khaki is stamped with the trefoil trade mark. Every yard that goes into uniforms bears this seal. Thus Girl Scouts can know that their uniforms, their middies, their bloomers, their khaki by the yard—all are official. They will know, too, that they are buying a fabric made for hardest outdoor wear. Durable, practical, moderate in price, khaki is the ideal fabric for uniforms and has been adopted all over the world. Girl Scout khaki is good khaki. It is "Colonial Mills" khaki.

Order from

National Equipment Department

670 Lexington Ave. New York, N. Y.

Look for Trefoil Trade mark

TRADE MARK GIRL G S SCOUTS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

GIRL SCOUTS, INC. NEW YORK CITY

Stamped on back of khaki

Eighth National Training School

JUNE 11-25, 1925

Chicago Girl Scout Camp, Elkhorn, Wisconsin

"Innisfree Week" (outdoor training for Girl Scout Leaders) will be given by Miss D. Christian Moore, English Girl Guider.

Dr. Bertha Chapman Cady, Girl Scout Naturalist, will give special training in Nature Work.

Board and Tuition $15 per week. Transportation, round trip, from Chicago to Camp $4.60.

Registration ($5.00) not later than June 1st.

For particulars address

Miss Emelia Thoorsell, Girl Scouts, Inc.

326 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois

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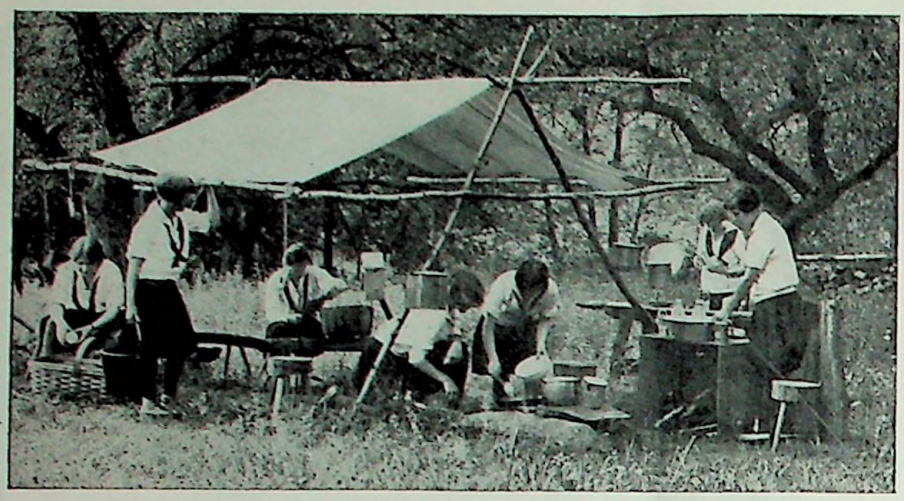

Leaders' Training Courses
at Camp Andree in June

ANDREE in June! Green hillsides, a blur of weeping willows by the lake; perfect small encampments along winding trails; lovely Innisfree set in its apple-orchard beyond the woods. And the people! Leaders, Camp Directors, Camp Counselors and Local Directors—from North, South, East and West, they come to learn Scout-craft in a training school that is an experimental station for the National Girl Scout organization. Here local councils may gather ideas for transplanting in their own communities.

Jane Deeter Rippin, National Director of the Girl Scouts, will direct the camp, and people prominent in Scouting will give the following courses:

Campers' Course (2 parts)

1. *First Innisfree week, June 7 - June 14.* This course will be a special introductory training week in camp technique for Girl Scout leaders, captains, camp directors, and camp counselors. Innisfree week will be conducted by Miss D. Christian Moore, English Guider.

2. *Camp Administration, June 15 - June 28.* This course will be conducted by Miss Louise Price, secretary, National Camp Department. Each patrol will devote five days to working out a series of projects dealing with the establishment and equipment of various kinds of camps, and five days to projects on program and management after a camp has been established. Special work in forestry, nature lore, and out-of-door crafts will be offered.

Troop Management Course

June 15 - June 28. This course will be conducted by Miss Elsa G. Becker, Instructor, Education Department. It will give Girl Scout officers a better understanding of the aims and ideals of Girl Scout work and how they may be developed through activities of the troop. Discussions will be held on Patrol System, Court of Honor, selection and training of Patrol Leaders, etc. Instruction will be given in bird study, woodcraft, swimming, games and knots.

Local Directors' Course

June 15 - June 28. This course will be conducted by Mrs. Sibyl Gordon Newell, Secretary, National Field Department. There will be discussions of practical value to Local Directors, including methods of organization, duties of a Director, and her Council, office management, publicity and exhibits, training leaders, public speaking and pageantry.

Other Innisfree weeks

Miss D. C. Moore will also conduct two Innisfree Weeks on the following dates:

1. August 18 - August 28
2. September 9 - September 19

Send for circulars to

Miss Elin A. Lindberg, Girl Scouts, Inc.

670 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

Rate $15.00 per week

(*Continued from page 51*)

that last pitch—but whoever it is, no harm is coming to you."

The car stopped at the house and came on to the barn and presently Mr. Briggs and Philip Ross strode around the corner and stopped at the tableau before them.

Mr. Briggs was astounded. But suddenly Nancy was looking at him with her gallant eyes. His heart leaped. Nancy! His *girl!*

"Dad," she was saying, "this is Anderson Bray and he has something to say to you."

"Just a minute, Nancy. I want Mr. Ross to meet you."

Philip grasped her hand. "We came up in my three-passenger to get you and take you back to supper."

"If you would only signal your approach," she sighed, "I'd manage, just once, to be on the piazza, crocheting a tidy."

"Heaven forbid!" he breathed fervently.

"Now, Andy." And Nancy turned to the boy who was twirling his cap in nervous fingers. She went over and stood beside him while haltingly he told his story.

"Oh, I ain't reformed," he finished, and challenged them to deny it, "but, believe me, I'm off such stunts for life."

"Andy isn't strong, dad, and I've promised that he may stay here this summer and sleep in the tent. Please tell him he may."

Mr. Briggs looked at Andy and smiled. "You may, Andy," he said.

They all conferred together and decided that Mr. Briggs and Andy, in the latter's car, should take the box down to Judge Brewster, tell him the story, and rely upon his judgment as to subsequent procedure. Nancy and Philip Ross were to follow in his car.

"Then," Mr. Briggs said, including Andy with his eyes, "we'll all join mother for supper and when we come home, we'll pitch the tent."

Nancy and her father walked to the house, the former to get ready to go. "This is a pretty good day's work, daughter," he said.

"It is nothing, really; nobody would have believed that you put that stuff there."

"Not many, perhaps, but some; and certainly I would have been ridiculed. Ridicule, Nancy, is often more damaging than proven corruption."

"I suppose so."

"I'm pretty proud of you, daughter, and I'm grateful, too. How about this. Want it?"

She felt something in her palm and looked down to see her vanity case lying there. Then she looked up and met his eyes and her own were glowing.

"'Oh, I ain't reformed,'" she said, and challenged him to deny it, "'but, believe me, I'm off such stunts for life.'"

Hand in hand, and smiling, they disappeared within the house.

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Taking Up Tennis

(*Contined from page* 21)

play. The many kinds of service will be taken up in a later chapter.

The "smash" is a very hard volley to "kill" the ball for an "ace," or unreturnable ball.

The "half-volley" is a pick-up of the ball as it touches the ground and is more of a ground stroke than a volley.

The "chop" is a ball hit with a backspin that drops almost dead as it touches the ground.

The "cut ball" is a ball with a twist which causes it to bounce off at an angle.

1. Select your racquet carefully.

2. Have a professional teacher if you can possibly have and find a good one.

3. Learn the swing, body and foot movement of the drive before you play a game.

4. Start right—and you will have less to unlearn later.

The drives—forehand and backhand—are easily the most important strokes in tennis. You may learn any number of trick plays, you may have a splendid service, but if you cannot drive hard and accurately, you will never be a real tennis player. For every ace that you win with the spectacular smash or the lightning service, you will win a dozen aces with the homely drive.

The drive is the foundation of the girl's game of tennis; you can be a first-class player knowing only the two drives. Neither Mrs. Bundy nor myself can really do anything but drive. It is different with the men; the first flight of players must know the whole game. It is enough for the girl to drive equally well on both hands.

Therefore learn to drive! Perhaps I place too much stress on the drives, but I think most players will agree with me that no adequate girl's game can ever be built up on a foundation other than the drive. Driving is my game; I am quite sure that at least twenty girls in this country could beat me if I tried to play a net game, while, on the other hand, if I were forbidden ever to volley, my game would not noticeably lose in strength.

But driving is more than merely getting the ball back across the net: the true drive sends the ball swiftly and surely to an exactly predetermined place in the court. It is the easiest stroke to play and the hardest stroke to play well. Good driving demands the utmost in coordination, for it demands a precise combination of arm, foot, body, and eye. Hence it is that good drivers are scarce among both men and women.

A word from the Editor: *The suggestions upon this page are taken from Miss Bjurstedt's splendid book "Tennis for Women," published by Doubleday, Page and Company. We are publishing them here with the kind permission of the publishers and are hoping many of you will place this book in your own sport library.*

Come to Camp Andrèe

Camp Andrée is a camp for Girls of 14 or older who are interested in becoming Girl Scout Leaders.

Situated in the heart of beautiful Westchester County, and only 30 miles from New York, it can be easily reached by train or motor.

The Camp will be run as a Troop Camp, using the patrol system, with each patrol in its own delightful encampment.

Life is lived out-doors.

Below the tents on the hills is a beautiful lake, offering opportunity for swimming and boating, with instruction and supervision.

Rates $10.00 per week.

Dates July 3—September 4.

Of special interest to Girl Scout Leaders is the *Third National Training School.* June 7-28. Rate $15 per week.

Send for circulars to

Miss Elin Lindberg, *Camp Manager*

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS, GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.

670 *Lexington Avenue* *New York City*

FREE — Two Sets of Nyassa
Also
20 Different British Colonies
Barbados and Jamaica pictorials and a packet of hinges all for a request for my 1, 2 and 3c net sheets, also at 50% Discl. None better.
CHAS. T. EGNER
420 WALNUT STREET
Philadelphia Pa.

Plays for Girl Scouts and Brownies
by Virginia Park Matthias
THE FIRST OF MAY—a fairy play.
THE BROWNIE'S DREAM—a Brownie's adventures in Mother Goose Land.
Published by Samuel French
25 West 45th St., New York.

GIRLS! BIG STAMP BARGAIN
Only to Applicants for Stamps on Approval
We will send as premium for 12 cents (regular price twenty-five cents) 1 set Airplane stamps, 10 blank approval sheets, 1 small stamp book, 1 stamp wallet, 1 perforation gauge, 250 hinges, 1 triangle stamp, Packet of stamps from Abyssinia, Africa, Nyassa, Georgia, Turkey, etc., etc., and price list. **PIKES, PEAK STAMP CO., Colorado Springs, Colo.**

International Post Office
is increasingly popular. During the past few weeks, over three hundred Girl Scouts have asked to correspond with Girl Scouts or Girl Guides in other countries.

If you wish a foreign correspondent, send THE AMERICAN GIRL your name, age and address as well as your preference of foreign country, where your correspondent shall live.

Then ask your parents to renew for your Christmas

Candy for Your Camp Canteen

Save the middleman's profit by buying directly from the manufacturer of Dairy Maid Chocolate and Cocoa

Camp Directors. You can buy Dairy Maid candy and cocoa directly from the manufacturer at manufacturer's prices. You will thus save the profit always charged to you by the middle man and jobber. You will also insure your getting fresh made goods.

Products are made from the best obtainable raw materials. The Milk Chocolate is delightful in its mellow creaminess. The Almonds are whole Almonds toasted to a snappy crispiness. The Peanuts we use are the best selected butter roasted Virginias. In our sweet Vanilla Chocolate you will find a velvety smoothness and a palatable quality quite unusual in sweet Chocolate. Our chewey Old Fashioned Molasses Candy covered with smooth tasty Chocolate is wonderfully good.

Camp Directors will welcome Dairy Maid Products in their canteens. Write for particulars and samples.

Captains. You can easily secure money for your troop, too. Write for particulars and samples.

Brewster Sons Company

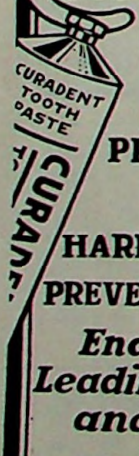
Department A. G. Newark, N. J

Earn Money
for your Troop
by selling CURADENT

Endorsed by various
Boards of Health

The Last Word in a Dentifrice

Curadent



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PRESERVES THE TEETH

HARDENS THE GUMS

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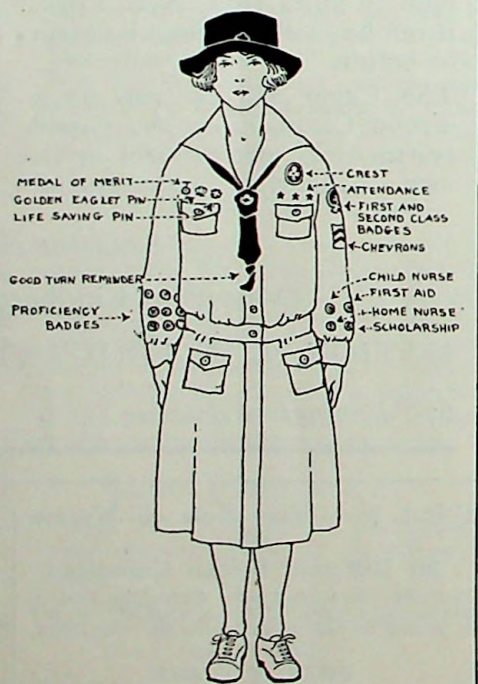
Ask your druggist for CURADENT, or write Geneva Chemical Corporation, 773 Lexington Ave., New York City.

If you want to make money for your Troop get your captain to write to us for information.



Where

shall I wear my badges?

As an answer to this question, asked so frequently by Girl Scouts, the National Standards Committee has had the above drawing made.

Scribes' Charter

(*Continued from page* 26)

magazine as: story page, scribes' page, pictures, etc. Fourth, we all had our picture taken showing us reading THE AMERICAN GIRL. The next stunt we had to leave until some other time, for darkness overtook us and the girls had to go home. So when summer comes, we are going out to our cabin and have another AMERICAN GIRL party and this time we are going to impersonate the various advertisements such as Girl Scout equipment, books, schools, AMERICAN GIRL subscriptions, etc."

The picture of the Patrol Leaders of San Diego, Cal., on page thirty-one, was taken outdoors on the twenty-fourth of January. And that of Troop 22, Dayton, Ohio, was taken at the time of our AMERICAN GIRL Contest there. We do wish more of you would have AMERICAN GIRL contests, to see which troop or group of troops can secure the greatest number of new subscriptions, especially now when our 50-cents-for-five months is open to every Girl Scout who has never before subscribed. Nothing would rejoice our hearts more than to have an overwhelming number of contests, followed by an overwhelming number of subscriptions! * * * When we had our What-I-Wish-in-My-Magazine Contest last fall, one of the girls who wrote a letter was Sally Stanton of the Scottish Rite Hospital Troop, Decatur, Ga. Sally's letter was a vivid description of how the Girl Scouts there, though crippled, enjoy our adventure stories in the magazine and all the other features, because, as she said, "We like to read about other girls who can do what we can't." So the Editor, Helen Ferris, wrote to Sally and asked her whether we could not have a picture of the Girl Scouts in her troop. The picture you see on the picture spread, Sally's lieutenant, Miss Eugenia B. Hume, helped to have it taken. And we are hoping that every hospital in which there are any girls, may have THE AMERICAN GIRL as a bedside companion. The picture on page 31 of THE AMERICAN GIRL stunt in Fall River, Mass., also has a story. The girls' Captain, Miss Marcella I. Brierly, sent a copy of the stunt to the Editor, with the following letter. "Each week the Patrols present in competition an original stunt interpreting a Girl Scout law. The time limit is five minutes. Points are given for originality and the manner in which the idea is presented. The Comet Patrol is the youngest of our patrols. The leader is a second year high school student and a second class Girl Scout. But the rest of the patrol are from ten to twelve years of age and attend grammer school. The girls wrote the stunt by themselves to illustrate 'A Girl Scout is thrifty', and since the idea was to save money for THE AMERICAN GIRL subscriptions, I am sending it to you."

We hope to publish this stunt in a forthcoming issue of the magazine. Meanwhile, can you not write your own?

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The Way in Scoutville

In Brooklyn—

Official headquarters for Scout clothing and accessories is in Brooklyn's largest Store — where a special department awaits you.

ABRAHAM & STRAUS INC.
BROOKLYN

Girl Scouts, Listen!

WHEN in Scranton, remember we are sole agents for Girl Scout equipment. We are serving Girl Scouts just as we have been serving your brother Boy Scouts for years and years.

Samter Bros. Co.
Scranton, Pa.

Girl Scouts, Attention!

WE want you to know that this store is official headquarters for Washington, and when you come in for Scout Apparel or Equipment, you will find a royal welcome.

The Hecht Co.
7th Street, at F Street, N.W.,
Washington, D. C.

Be Warm at Camp

A SWEATER is the ideal wrap for camping and hiking as well as for school, athletics and winter sports. The new official Girl Scout sweaters come in brown and green heather color mixture to create an harmonious effect with the uniform. They are made of finest all-wool yarn and are knit in the popular shaker stitch that is used for all college and athletic sweaters. This stitch makes of the sweater a pliable garment that fits snugly and does not hamper the freedom of your bodily movement. It also gives warmth without bulk, as well as hard wear.

Comes in two styles, coat and slip over. The coat model, illustrated above, is very popular, due to the ease with which it can be put on and taken off.

Coat model, sizes 32-40.....$8.00
Slip over model, sizes 32-40.. 7.00

Order these sweaters from your

LOCAL EQUIPMENT AGENT

or

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A Special Section, devoted to Girl and Boy Scout Equipment is located on the Third Floor, Main Store.

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This big, bright, beautiful store is official headquarters for the Girl Scouts in Cincinnati. All your official requirements very readily taken care of on the second floor of Cincinnati's Greatest Sporting Goods Store

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For That New Uniform
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NEWBURG, NEW YORK

Patronize the equipment agent in your town

Revised
Standard Price List
for Girl Scout Equipment
Effective June 1, 1925

Uniforms

	Size	Price
Long Coat	10-18	$3.65
	38-42	4.15
Short Coat Suit	10-18	4.70
	38-42	5.20
Skirt	10-42	2.10
Bloomers	10-42	1.85
Knickers	10-42	2.15
Middy—*Official khaki*	10-40	1.75
Norfolk Suits—*Officer's*:		
Khaki, Light weight	34-42	7.25
Khaki, heavy weight	34-42	15.00
Serge	34-42	38.00

	Size	Price
Hats, *Officer's*	7⅛-8	$4.00
Hats, *Scout*	6½-8	1.60
Canvas Leggins, *Pair*		1.00
Web Belt	28-38	.65
	40-42	.75
Leather for officers	28-38	2.75
	40-42	3.00
Neckerchiefs, *each*		0.45

Colors: Green, purple, dark blue, light blue, khaki, pale yellow, cardinal, black, and yellow.

	Size	Price
Black Silk		$2.00
Green Silk		2.00
Puttees, *Women's sizes*		3.00
Girls' sizes		2.00
Waterproof Coats, *sizes*	10-20	8.00
sizes	40-42	9.50
Sweaters—Brown and Green Heather—		
Coat Model, *sizes*	32-40	8.00
Slip over model, *sizes*	32-40	7.00

Badges

x Attendance Stars	
Gold	$0.20
Silver	.15
x First Class Badge	.25
x Flower Crests	.15
x * Life Saving Crosses	
Silver	$1.75
Bronze	1.50
x*Medal of Merit	1.00
x Proficiency Badges	.15
x Second Class Badge	$0.25
x * Thanks Badge	
Heavy gold plate with bar	3.00
Gold Plate Pins	.75
Silver Plate	.75

Pins

x Brownie	$0.25
x Committee	.75
x * Community Service	.35
x * Golden Eaglet	1.50
x Lapels—G. S.—*Bronze*	$0.50
x Tenderfoot Pins	
10*K Gold (safety catch)*	3.00
Gold Filled (safety catch)	0.75
New plain type	$0.15
Old style plain pin	.08
Midget gold filled	.50
x Worn by officers or Scouts when not in uniform	

Insignia

x Armband	$0.15
Corporal Chevron	.10
x Ex-Patrol Leader's Chevron.	$0.20
x Hat Insignia (*for Captain's hat*)	.50
x Lapels—G. S., *for Scouts*	$0.20
x Patrol Leader's Chevron	.15

Songs

America, the Beautiful	$0.05
Are You There	.10
Enrollment	.10
Everybody Ought to be a Scout	.15
First National Training School	.25
Girl Guide	.60
Girl Scouts Are True	.15
Girl Scout Songs	
Vocal Booklet	$0.10
Piano Edition	.30
Girl Scout Song Sheet	.04
Lots of 10 or more	.03
Goodnight	.15
Hiking On	.30
Oh, Beautiful Country	$0.05
On the Trail:	
Piano edition	.60
Midget Size	.05
Lots of 10 or more	.02
Onward	.15
To America	.25
Be Prepared. *Girl Guide Song*	.35

American Flags

Size	Material	Price
2x3 ft.	Wool	$2.80
3x5 ft.	Wool	3.60
4x6 ft.	Wool	4.60

G. S. Felt Emblems (separate)

3x4	35c
4x5	40c
6x7	45c
7x10	55c

Flags

(x) *Troop Flags*

Size	Material	Price	Lettering
2x3 ft.	Wool	$2.60	10c per letter
2½x4 ft.	Wool	4.20	15c " "
3x5 ft.	Wool	5.75	20c " "
4x6 ft.	Wool	8.50	20c " "

	Price
Flag Set	1.30

Includes:
- 1 pr. Morse Code Flags Jointed 6-ft. Staff
- 1 pr. Semaphore Flags, Heavy web carrying case

Single Morse Code Flag-staff, not jointed .60

(x) *Troop Flags* (continued)

	Price
Semaphore Flags (extra), per pair	.75

(x) *Troop Pennants*

Lettered with any Troop No.	$1.50

Staffs

1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spiral G. S. Emblem	$6.75
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Eagle.	5.00
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spear.	3.50
G. S. Emblem—separate	3.70
Eagle Emblem—separate	2.60
Spear Emblem—separate	1.60
Flag Carrier	2.60

NOTE: Two weeks are required to letter troop flags.

SPECIAL NOTE—These prices are subject to change without notice.
* Sold only on Approval of the Committee on Standards and Awards.

Above Prices are Postage Paid

Standard Price List Continued

Literature

	Price
Brownie Books	$0.25
Brownie Pamphlet	.15
Brownie Report	.75
Blue Book of Rules	.25
Camping Out, *L. H Weir*	2.00
Campward Ho!	.75
Camp and Field Notebooks—	
3 Projects complete with cover	1.50
Project separate, *each*	.40
Cover *leather with gold lettering*	.50
Community Service Booklet—	
Each	.10
Per dozen	1.00
First Aid Book—	
New Edition	1.05
Girl Guide Book of Games	.50
Ceremonies around the Girl Scout Year	.25
Health Record Books, *each*	.10
Per dozen	1.00
Handbook, Cloth Board Cover	1.10
Flexible Cloth Cover	.80
English Girl Guide	.75
Home Service Booklet, *each*	.10
Per dozen	1.00
Knots, Hitches and Splices	.55
Life Saving Booklet	.15
Ye Andree Logge	.75
Pageant—	
Spirit of Girlhood, by Florence Howard	.50
Patrol Register, *each*	.15
Patrol System for Girl Guides	.25
Plays, *each*	.15
In lots of 10 or more, *each*	.10
By Mrs. B. O. Edey	
Why They Gave a Show and How	
How St. John Came to Bencer's School	
By Oleda Schrottky	
A Pot of Red Geraniums	
Why the Rubbish?	
Everybody's Affair	
By Margaret Mochrie	
Magic Gold Pieces	
Post Cards—	
Set of Six (Silhouette)	.10
1 dozen sets	1.00
Set of four (Colored) (Fall, Winter, Spring, Summer. Sets cannot be broken)	.20
Building 2 for	.05
Washington Little House (Exterior)	.03
Washington Little House (Doorway)	.03
Girl Scout Laws (By E. B. Price)	.05
"A Girl Scout is Cheerful" (By M. E. Price)	.03
"A Girl Scout's Honor is to be Trusted" (By M. E. Price)	.03
Posters—	
New Building Poster 9¼ x 11¼	.10
Per dozen	1.00
Girl Scout Creed (Henry Van Dyke)	.15
Girl Scout poster (large)	.20
Girl Scout poster (small)	.10
Set of 7 Child Welfare Posters	6.85
Single copies, each	1.00
Producing Amateur Entertainments, *Helen Ferris*	2.50
Scout Laws	
Poster size	.50
Small size	.15
Scout Mastership	1.50
Troop Management Course	.75
Troop Register (*Field Note Book Size*)	2.05
Filler (without cover)	1.00
Additional Sheets	
Cash Record (15 sheets) .....25c. package	
Per sheet (broken pkg.)....3c. ea.	
Treasurer's Monthly Record (30 sheets) .....25c. package	
Per sheet (broken pkg.)....2c. ea.	
Treasurer's or Scribe's Record (15 sheets) .....25c. package	
Per sheet (broken pkg.)....3c. ea.	
Individual Record (30 sheets) .....25c. package	
Per sheet (broken pkg.)....2c. ea.	
Troop Advancement Record	3c. a sheet
Troop Reports (30 sheets) .....25c. package	
Per sheet (broken pkg.)....2c. ea.	

Miscellaneous Equipment

Axe, *with Sheath*	$1.85
Belt Hooks, *extra*	.05
Blankets—4-*pound Grey*	6.50
Bugle	3.75
Braid—¼-*inch wide, yard*	.10
x Buttons—*Per set*	.25
10s—6 1 *to set—dozen sets*	2.75
Camp Toilet Kit	2.35
Canteen, *Aluminum*	2.75
Tin	2.00
Compass, Plain	1.00
Radiolite Dial	1.50
Cuts—	
Running Girl	1.00
Trefoil	.75
First Aid Kit with Pouch	1.30
Iodine Antiseptic Pen, extra	.50
First Aid Kit, *No.* 1	2.90
Flashlights, Small size	1.35
Large size	1.70
Handkerchiefs—*Scout emblem*:	
Linen	.40
Cotton	.25
Haversacks, *No.* 1	3.00
No. 2	2.00
Shoulder Protection Straps, per pair	.25
1 Khaki, *Official Scout, 36 in. wide*	.40
Heavy, for Officers, 28 in. wide	.60
Knives, *No.* 1	1.60
No. 2	1.05
Mess Kit, *Aluminum, 6 pieces*	3.50
Mirror—*Unbreakable*	.25
x Patterns—	
Coat, Skirt or Bloomers, 10-42	.15
Norfolk Suit, 34-42	.25
Poncho (45x72)	3.50
" (60x82)	4.75
Rings, *Silver, 3 to 9*	1.50
10K Gold, 3 to 9	4.00
Rope, 4 *ft. by ¼ in.*	.15
Lots of 5 or more, each	.10
Guide, 15 ft., ring for belt	.50
Serge, O. D., 54 *in. wide, per yard*	4.75
Sewing Kit, *Tin Case*	.25
Aluminum Case	.50
Scout Stationery	.55
Scout Stickers, per dozen	.05
Stockings, *Cotton, sizes* 8-11	.55
Sun Watch	1.00
Transfer Seals, 2 *for*	.05
Trefoil Emblem Stickers (embossed in gold)	.02
3 *for*	.05
12 *for*	.15
100 *for*	1.00
Thread, *Khaki spool*	.15
Per dozen spools	1.20
x Uniform Make-Up Sets—	
Long Coat Uniform	.70
1 *Long Coat Pattern* 1 *Pair Lapels* 1 *Spool of Thread* 1 *Set of Buttons*	*Give pattern size*
Two piece Uniform	.85
1 *Short Coat Pattern* 1 *Skirt Pattern* 1 *Pair Lapels* 1 *Spool of Thread* 1 *Set of Buttons*	*Give pattern size*
No make-up sets for middies and bloomers.	
Whistles	.20
Wrist Watch, *Radiolite*	4.50

Important Instructions for Ordering Equipment

1. Scout equipment can be sold only upon written approval of registered Captain.
2. Cash must accompany all orders. All checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable to the order of Girl Scouts, Inc.
3. Girl Scout buttons, patterns and coat lapels are sold only when official khaki is purchased from National Headquarters.
4. Authorized department stores cannot sell any of the items marked with an x.
5. Hats are not returnable. See order blank for size.

Mail all Orders to

GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.

670 Lexington Avenue, New York City

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An "American Girl" Family Convention

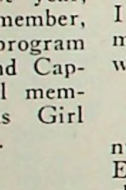
Along the Editor's Trail

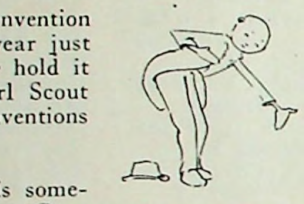
AN AMERICAN GIRL Convention —yes, we hold one every year just at this time, on this page. We hold it this month, because this is Girl Scout Convention time and having Conventions is quite the thing.

To be sure, our Convention is somewhat different from the Girl Scout Convention, for we must do our talking by mail. On the other hand, we are quite Girl-Scout-like because we try to give every one an opportunity to say what she (or he) thinks about THE AMERICAN GIRL. Last year, as perhaps you remember, we had on our program Commissioners and Captains and Council members as well as Girl Scouts themselves.

This year we are going to hear from Girl Scout grandmothers, mothers, fathers, and aunts. First on our program is Mrs. Lydia Thomas, grandmother of Helen Thomas of Kalamazoo, Michigan, the Girl Scout who suggested the idea for our Pioneer Contest. Mrs. Thomas, what do you think of THE AMERICAN GIRL?

"I have had a good opportunity to read Helen's copies of the magazine," says Mrs. Thomas (in a letter to the Editor). "I think it very fine indeed and and worthy of a place in the home of every girl and just the magazine that every Girl Scout should take, it is so full of suggestions for them. There are fine stories for all the family, too. And it brings Girl Scouts from every state in close touch with one another. I have sent several copies that contained Helen's "Pioneer" story to my relatives and they all pronounce THE AMERICAN GIRL fine. Helen and I are lovers of good reading and she often reads aloud to me as my eyes are not as good as they once were."





We are happy to have another grandmother upon our program, the grandmother of Girl Scout Frances E. Mason of Lowell, Massachusetts, who sends us her AMERICAN GIRL Convention message through Frances. "My grandmother wishes me to tell you that she thinks THE AMERICAN GIRL the best magazine she has ever seen for a girl. She says that I will take it every year. I am glad because I like the magazine myself and wish it could come every week instead."

Our next number is a Mother-Father number, a message from Mrs. H. E. Schimmel of Attleboro, Massachusetts. Mrs. Schimmel is mother of Ethel A. Schimmel, a Girl Scout who subscribes to THE AMERICAN GIRL. Welcome to our Convention, Mr. and Mrs. Schimmel. "If I were to have only *one* magazine in my home," says Mrs. Schimmel, "it would be THE AMERICAN GIRL. My husband and Ethel like to have me read to them so I have used the stories in THE AMERICAN GIRL. Two nights ago, Ethel said, 'Are you going to read tonight, mama?' I knew what she wanted but I asked, 'What do you want me to read?' She answered, '*Laughing Last.* Irene and Marion say it is great.' I then asked Mr. Schimmel if he thought he would like to hear it and he answered, 'What is it in?' I answered, 'THE AMERICAN GIRL.' He quickly replied, '*Sure.* The stories in that magazine are always great.'"

Thank you, Mr. and Mrs. Schimmel, you are most welcome to our AMERICAN GIRL Convention. We shall now hear from a Girl Scout aunt, Miss Katharine R. Geddes, of Toledo, Ohio, who lives with two Girl Scout niece-subscribers to our magazine. "Girl Scouts aunts like THE AMERICAN GIRL," says Miss Geddes, "because it is something they wished for when they were ten and ever since—a girls' magazine with something alive and doing on every page. They like to see their Girl Scout nieces reading it because they have read it, too, and know it is just the kind of reading for girls. Aunts read it (at least, *this* aunt does) because they have acquired Girl Scouting after they were "way past" ten and the magazine keeps them in touch with Girl Scouts all over this big country and also with Girl Scouts of other countries, as well as giving us a bond in common with our nieces."

That is splendid, Miss Geddes. We are glad you and your nieces all enjoy THE AMERICAN GIRL. I wish we might hear from every aunt whose niece subscribes. But since time for closing our Convention approaches, may we not sing a verse from our new AMERICAN GIRL song—see our new stunt on page twenty-six.

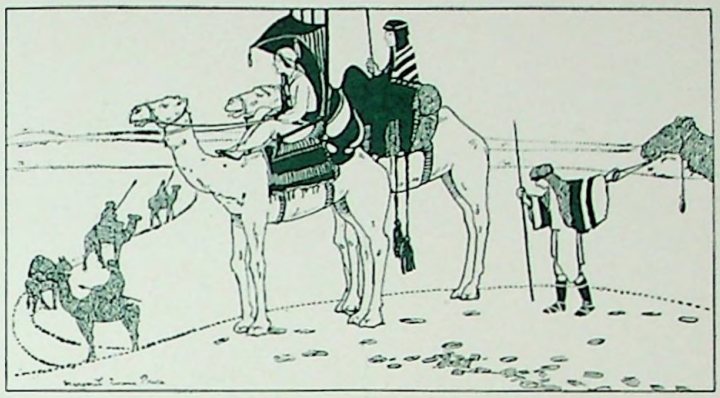
Tune: Yankee Doodle

Beauty, Romance, Fun and News
And everything that's nifty,
You'll get them all in "Th' American Girl"—
Five luscious months for "Fifty."

"Th' American Girl" is made for you;
Girl Scouts delight to get it.
Subscribe, Girl Scouts, for fifty cents—
You never will regret it!

On it comes—our thrilling July issue

The Saracen Girl



I HAVE just written an adventure story about a girl of the desert," wrote Katherine Dunlap Cather to Helen Ferris, Editor. "Do you think the Girl Scouts would like to have it in THE AMERICAN GIRL?" "By all means send it along," replied Helen Ferris, who knows how much you all enjoy adventure stories. *The Saracen Girl* arrived.

"Indeed we shall have it in the magazine!" exclaimed Helen Ferris, when she had finished it. Why? Listen! This is just *one* moment in this story:

"'Array my daughter in her mother's gems,' Mansulius exclaimed. 'Deck her in manner befitting the Star of the East that she is, for tonight the Prince of Ageria comes.'

"Fatima called a slave to carry the treasure bag for her and followed him into the quarters where Carcas was still singing to the nightingale."

Did the prince come? What happened then?

The story tells.

And a dark lady . . . .

"I have a story of a mysterious stranger," wrote Christine Whiting Parmenter to Helen Ferris, the Editor. "Do you think the Girl Scouts would like it?" "Send it along!" replied Helen Ferris, the Editor, because she knew how popular Mrs Parmenter has always been in *The American Magazine* and the many other magazines for which she has written. The story arrived. This is the way it started:

"The crowd was seated on the Wards' piazza, our customary meeting place when nothing more thrilling was in progress. . . Conversation was lagging when the Wards' aunt appeared.

"'Want me to read your palms?' she said!"

She saw a dark lady in Ted's hand—a person who actually bobbed up on the spot and whose strange actions threatened to disrupt the crowd's fun. A mysterious dark lady! Do you wonder that Helen Ferris at once planned to have her in our July issue?

Batter up!

Baseball! Have you heard that many girls are playing baseball, these days? Special rules have been worked out which will be described for you in July by Dorothy Nye who is not only one of the Barnard College athletic coaches but also owner of her own camp. Strike! Batter Up!

Watch for that baseball page!

Have you heard?

Have you heard that there will be all kinds of news about our Girl Scout Convention in the July issue? Have you heard that there will be more of our Pioneer Contest stories? Have you heard that Oleda Schrottky is going to give you more good ideas for camp-fire programs? And George Newell will come along with another song, not to mention other musical notes, and oh, joy! just what you have been asking for—more Outdoor Woodcraft. All in July! Not to mention the next installment of *Lucky Penny*, our Girl Scout serial. And Kate Douglas Wiggin's *Camp story*. Yes! All in July!

Almost too many good things!

Not only may you have all these good stories if you yourself subscribe to the magazine, you may also earn your own camp equipment by securing *other* new subscriptions to THE AMERICAN GIRL. This our Premium Plan.

Here is the list telling how many *new* subscriptions you must secure for each article together with the amount of subscription money you must send in. Please note that your own subscription does *not* count. Also, all subscriptions must be *new* ones.

Choose from this list—and clip along dotted line

	Subscriptions	*Money for Them*
☐ Nickel Pocket Mirror	1	$1.50
☐ Whistle	1	1.50
☐ In-spool Sewing Kit	1	1.50
☐ Girl Scout Handkerchief	1	1.50
☐ Girl Scout Stationery	2	3.00
☐ The American Girl	3	4.50
☐ Girl Scout Knife	5	7.50
☐ Handy Flashlight	5	7.50
☐ Ring	5	7.50
☐ Sunwatch	5	7.50
☐ First Aid Kit	8	12.00
☐ Heavy Web Haversack	10	15.00
☐ Handy Mess Kit	12	18.00
☐ Girl Scout Bugle	12	18.00
☐ Poncho (60 x 82)	15	22.50
☐ Wrist Watch	15	22.50
☐ Blanket	20	30.00

THE AMERICAN GIRL JUNE A.G.

GIRL SCOUTS, INC.
670 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C.

I have earned the premiums I have checked on this list. Please send them to me to the address below. I am sending $1.50 for each subscription secured, all of which are new.

Name .....

Street .....

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Send $1.50 (check or money order) for each subscription in U.S. Canadian postage is 25c extra; foreign postage is 50c extra.

MIDDY AND KNEEBAND BLOOMERS

BELOW: *Girl Scout middy and knee band bloomer of official khaki. New model that will prove very popular with Girl Scouts. These bloomers, or the plaited ones, form the standard camp uniform—when worn with Girl Scout middy blouse. Smart and trim in cut and finish. Middy and bloomers complete, sizes* 10-42, *formerly* $4.45, *now*.....$3.90

MIDDY AND PLAITED BLOOMERS

ABOVE: *Girl Scout middy, comprising with knee band or plaited bloomers, the standard camp uniform. Middy made with long sleeves, patch pockets and sailor collar embroidered with letters "G.S." in square.* BLOOMERS *plaited into belt. Roomy, and comfortable for walking and camp wear. Middy and bloomers complete. Sizes* 10-42, *formerly* $4.25, *now*.....$3.60

Now—Lower Prices on Camp Uniforms

YOUR standard camp and outdoor uniforms are now lower in price. This is because your National Business Committee wishes every Girl Scout to be able to afford the middy and bloomers as a camp outdoor uniform.

Your middies and bloomers are the same high grade garments as formerly. They are made of official Girl Scout khaki, stamped twice to the yard with the official trefoil trade mark. They are cut to insure comfort and freedom of movement. They do not soil easily, they launder well. They are durable, practical and low in cost.

Middy and plaited bloomer, formerly $4.25, now $3.60

Middy and kneeband bloomer, formerly $4.45, now $3.90

Sold by

National Equipment Department, Girl Scouts, Inc.

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